Vol 5 **The War Illustrated** N° 126

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

6d FORTNIGHTLY APRIL 17, 1942

FAMOUS AMERICAN GENERALS, MacArthur (right) and Wainwright, photographed together in the Philippines, where the heroic resistance of American and Filipino troops has been a source of inspiration to the United Nations. On Feb. 22 President Roosevelt asked Gen. MacArthur to transfer his H.Q. from the Philippines to Australia. When the General arrived there on March 17, after an adventurous journey, he was appointed Supreme Commander of all the United Nations Forces in the South-West Pacific. Gen. Wainwrght was left to carry on MacArthur's great fight in the Philippines. *Photo, Keystone*

THE THIRD SPRING OFFENSIVE

BY THE EDITOR

WHEN our thoughts should be joyously turning with those of the poet to the hounds of spring " on winter's traces " clearing the way for " a summer-to-be," they must turn rather to the Hounds of Hell which now, for the third springtide of the War, are being unleashed upon us. Herein lies the most horrid of the transformations which Hitlerism has produced. The spring offensive has become a regular feature of the War, whose makers had planned that it would need no second spring.

Not with equanimity can we recall the spring of 1940 when, with the Scandinavian campaign, came " the first real crunch of the War " (as Mr. Churchill phrased it). The British Navy did great work then, up to its best traditions, inflicting on the Nazi sea-power losses which, proportionate to its pre-war strength, equalled, if they did not exceed, any that the British Navy has sustained, even in the recent dire disasters of the Pacific. But the Allies lost the fight for a hold on the Scandinavian main. And in that abortive campaign were sown the first seeds that blossomed into a veritable *fleur de mal* when France fell from us in the tragic days of June.

NOT with greater pride, but with less mortification, can we recall Hitler's next spring offensive. The signal fact that Britain, despite the criminal treachery of Nazi-ruled France (which in Indo-China was already preparing the way for Japan's cunning attack of the following winter), despite the loss of our self-sacrificing Allies of Greece and Yugoslavia, the supreme fact that Britain was still battling almost alone in shining disproof of the melancholy axiom that " the broken heart it kens nae second spring," provided the greatest cause for courageous hope. And had not we the historic battle of Cape Matapan to the credit of our Navy, were we not wiping out the Italians in North-East Africa, re-conquering Abyssinia, advancing through Libya and making prisoners of an immense proportion of the Duce's army, albeit unable to save the territories of our gallant Balkan allies ? Furthermore, we had but recently won the greatest of all our battles—the Battle of Britain—by virtue of which we survive and fight today. And though our head was bloody in the Battle of London which raged into this second spring, most assuredly it was unbowed.

Let's think on these things as the third spring offensive is upon us, and especially let us remember that the Nazi plans for the second of the series were frustrated, thanks to our timely occupation of Syria, our firmness in Iraq and Persia, and in some measure to the delaying action of our friends of Yugoslavia. Thus, although Hitler's fancy turns in springtime to thoughts of hate and war, hate has its disappointments no less profound than love.

IN the third spring we are actually better placed than before, even allowing for the dreadful things that have happened in the Pacific. In closest cooperation with Soviet Russia, America and China, the greatest potential of fighting strength and armaments production in the history of the world has come into being. As Mr. Churchill has said: " It now seems that we and our Allies cannot lose this war except through failure to use our combined overwhelming strength and multiplying opportunities."

General Smuts, whose voice carries imperial authority, has said that the pressure of this third spring offensive will be felt at its strongest in the Middle East, on India, and in the Indian Ocean. Certainly all the indications point in these directions, and it is hardly possible that Turkey will be able to ride the coming storm without being drawn in. But along her eastern flank Germany has vast Soviet forces opposing her, armies whose fighting power has been the grand surprise of the War, while the Japanese, with all their cheap and showy victories to consolidate, have the swiftly-growing might of the world's most powerful republic soon and relentlessly to press upon them in recapturing from them the fruits of their felony.

And if, as a gambler's last throw, Hitler decrees the invasion of Britain, there is every reason for believing we are ready. M. Maisky has adjured us to think in terms of 1942, not 1943. Events are compelling us so to think, but long views have sometimes more merit than short. At all events it will not be long before we all know vastly more than any man alive knows today.

* * *

TO all of us who endured the four years of the last war the hateful calamity of the present World War is bearable only by contemplating our experiences in 1914-18. The perils that confront us may be more fearsome than those we survived four and twenty years ago, but in the mere fact of that survival abide encouragement and hope. It is this, I think, that lends a certain serenity to those of the older generation in facing up to the trials and tribulations of the present hour; this, that in some measure, sustains our Prime Minister in his tremendous task. And it is a crowning mercy that in this dire time of spiritual trial the leadership of the British race has fallen to one whose unquestioned genius, whose unrivalled qualities of mind and heart were nurtured to their finest issues in high responsibility of statesmanship and in courageous public criticism throughout the forty-two years of this eventful century. This should always be our first thought in discussing the problems and perplexities, foreseen and unforeseen, with which each new day now presents us.

THE recent parliamentary pother about a newspaper incident, which need not be more definitely specified, reflected no great credit on either side, but a careful and impartial examination of the evidence forces one to a verdict for Mr. Morrison. The role of Smart Alec, which so many journalists of the lusty younger breed find easy to discharge, has really less to do with the freedom of the press than with the vapourings of the irresponsible. Nothing could be more mischievous in moments of national peril than to allow the accumulated wisdom of the nation to be brushed aside by presumptuous and exhibitionist youth, splendidly daring in its inexperience, because, forsooth, things unforeseen have brought disaster upon the best-laid plans of the most experienced.

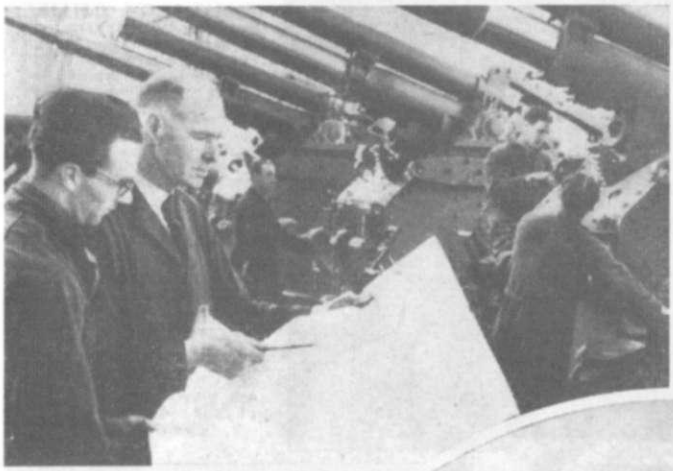
HAD one the space which the paper famine forbids it would be a simple matter to show how hopelessly wrong some of our most trusty military experts have been, not only in this war, but in every war that has been fought in the modern era. Advice on high politics, military strategy, and tactics is so plentiful just now that if one went across to the " local " tonight one would be certain to find three or four of the " regulars," with as many pints in them, ready and willing to put their counsel at the service of the War Cabinet. This is at once the weakness and the strength of Democracy. Yet, with all its absurdities, I prefer it to any New Order in Europe or Asia.

HARDLY any detail of criticism that is being advanced against the British High Command today is new. It has all been stated in similar language whenever arms have been in action throughout the eventful story of the upbuilding of the British Empire. And in its partial eclipse it is worth remembering that the worn-out cliché that Britain loses every battle except the last one seems nowise short of truth. It is merely another way of saying that, although the British are not a warlike or aggressive race, they have unique powers of endurance, fortitude, recovery, which show best only when their assailants have stirred them to righteous anger. Well, there's cause enough for that anger now, and it is rising rapidly, but its best expression should take the form of furious energy in war production rather than in carping criticism of the Government, or the hunting for scapegoats when things go wrong, as they are apt to do at times.

J. A. HAMMERTON

Lt.-Gen. SIR W. DOBBIE, indomitable Governor of the indomitable little island of Malta. " We have been sorely tried," he said in a recent broadcast, " but are not crushed . . . We shall persevere until, by God's help, we shall win through." *Photo, G.P.U.*

Soon 'Attack' Will Be the Anzacs' Watchword



Above, gun examiner (with pencil) and draughtsman examining plans of a 3·7-in. anti-aircraft gun in an Australian army inspection depot where the guns are checked before and after proof. Circle, general view of the machine-shop in an Australian factory producing anti-tank guns.

Above, Bren guns made in Australia are being examined by (left to right) Brigadier Milford, Mr. J. K. J. Jensen, Controller-General of Munitions Administration, Maj.-Gen. Northcott and Maj.-Gen. Stantke. Australia's production of war material is rapidly increasing.

Many new shipyards have been opened in Australia as part of an extensive shipbuilding programme, and below are some of the new wharves and stages being laid down at an Australian port, while in the background a cargo ship is being converted for war purposes.

Photos, Australian Official, Sport & General

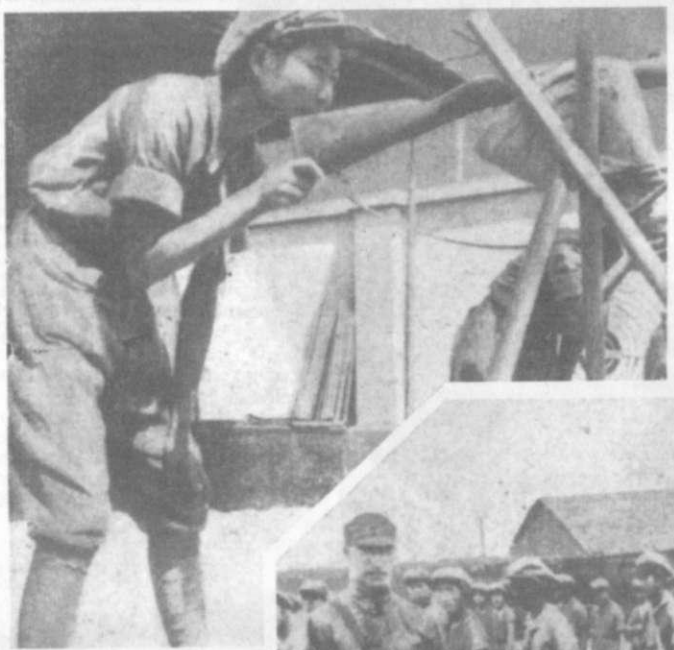
The Australian soldiers of today have already proved that they are of the same "Anzac breed" as their fathers who fought in the last war. They believe in the offensive spirit, and below recruits are being instructed in guerilla tactics for disarming an opponent. The man on the ground originally had the rifle.

Photos, Australian Official, Wide World

Free China's Young Womanhood Goes to War

WOMEN OF CHINA receiving musketry training at barracks in the Hunan Province, where some 20,000 girls are being trained for service with the Chinese Army (left).

Members of the Chinese Students' Corps starting for the front (below). Chinese youth is wholeheartedly in the war effort, and women as well as men are playing their full part in the struggle of the democracies.



AT THE RANGES Chinese women, training for service with the Army, are taught how to handle a rifle with efficiency. Above, two of them are seen practising correct aiming.

Thousands of Chinese women are serving, too, with the army medical units. On the right some of them are practising stretcher-bearing in the first-aid section of their training.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Keystone

They're Building Roads from India into China

SUPPLY ROUTE TO CHINA. The fall of Rangoon having closed the sea outlet of the Burma Road, new highways between India and Chunking are being completed with all possible speed. One of these is the Assam Road, the presumed course of which is given in the map in page 538. The road seen under construction in these photographs is said to lie between Loshan (Kiatingfu) and Sichang (Ningyuanfu) and is presumably a link between the Burma Road and the Assam Road. Right, the highway winding through the mountains. Below, a temporary bridge in use while a permanent span is being built.

The construction of these new lifelines between India and China is an immense task, for the roads have to be driven through wild country, swift rivers and streams have to be bridged, and landslides frequently delay work. Above, coolies carrying engineers across one of the streams that had to be bridged. Left, cars about to proceed after a landslide had been cleared away.

Photos, Associated Press

THE INDIAN OCEAN. Washing the shores of Africa, Asia, and Australia and, in the far frozen south, Antarctica, stretches the vast expanse of the Indian Ocean. Since Singapore's fall it, like the Pacific, has become a battlefield, and any and every day brings tidings of fresh warlike incidents in one of its innumerable corners. Japanese submarines are reported to be operating in Indian waters, and as early as Jan. 29 an American freighter was torpedoed and sunk only ten miles off Madras. Of the ocean's many islands—the most important are shown in the map—the Andamans in the Bay of Bengal were evacuated on March 12 by the British, and seized ten days later by the Japanese.

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Felix Gardon*

War's Monsoons Threaten the Indian Ocean

Already dominant over a vast expanse of the Pacific, the Japanese are now extending their tentacles of aggression to the Indian Ocean. Here we tell of this new area which has been suddenly brought into the war zone, and in particular of those islands which have a strategical significance of the first order.

For many years Singapore has been called the Gateway to the East. Now, following the Japanese triumph, it is rather the Gateway to the West. Already the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal have been occupied by the Japanese, and the Nicobars are threatened. Japanese warships may even now be preying on the shipping whose routes lie between Africa and Australia.

Hardly less important than the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean is criss-crossed by British supply lines. Since the Mediterranean is largely barred to our convoys by Axis planes and submarines, the greater part of the British and Australian supplies and reinforcements for the Middle East, as well as for North Africa, must make the long voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, after which they have to traverse some 3,000 miles of the Indian Ocean before they reach the less exposed waters of the Red Sea. The Imperial route between Britain and Australia also goes round the Cape, and includes more than 4,700 miles of the Indian Ocean between Freemantle and Cape Town. To reach Aden and Bombay, Colombo and Calcutta, our ships after leaving Durban are in the open waters of the Indian Ocean ; and so, too, are the ships which take Allied supplies to Russia through the Persian Gulf, and those which bring back Persian oil for our war machine. And now this so recently British ocean is threatened by enemy fleets and raiders ; Ceylon may be blockaded, Calcutta may be shelled from the sea, and soon reports may come of Japanese landings on " India's coral strand."

Rather less than half the size of the Pacific —its area is given by geographers as some twenty-eight million square miles—the Indian Ocean is flanked on the west and north by huge land masses, from which have been detached in immeasurably remote ages a number of island fragments. These islands are not so numerous or so widespread as those of the Pacific, but their strategical importance is just as great.

All Eyes on Madagascar

Perhaps the most important is Madagascar, which ranks as the world's fourth largest island. It is nearly a thousand miles long by 360 miles wide, and it provides a home for nearly four million people, belonging to one or the other of the Malagasy tribes. Until 1895 the island was independent under its own sovereign, but in that year the French deported Queen Ranavalona III to Algiers, and henceforth ruled the island as a French colony. The people accepted the change—they could hardly do otherwise ; but to this day they have shown themselves a trifle resentful of the Westernizing process, and particularly in the country districts their Christian profession is but a veneer on the deep-seated belief in the ancient gods.

Like most tropical islands Madagascar is exceedingly fertile ; in the uplands large numbers of cattle are bred, and the valley plains bear rich crops of rice and sugar, coffee and tobacco. The woods are full of valuable timber, and there are also considerable mineral workings. But in the present state of world history Madagascar's importance is strategical rather than commercial ; and it may be noted that there are a number of good harbours in the island, in particular Majunga, Diégo Suarez, and Tamatave.

This being so, it is easy to understand the concern with which the news was received in Allied circles that a Japanese mission was about to be dispatched to Madagascar, if it had not actually arrived. The island's Governor-General, M. Annet, is an ardent supporter of Vichy, and it was feared that France was about to abandon Madagascar to the Japanese just as she abandoned Indo-China in 1940—with disastrous consequences to the Allied cause. In Washington M. Henry-Haye protested that Marshal Pétain's Government had not the slightest intention of doing any such thing ; but it has to be remembered that behind Pétain stands Admiral Darlan. No wonder, then, that the United Nations decided to keep Madagascar under close observation ; so close, indeed, that Nazi-occupied France declared that General Smuts was preparing to seize the island from South Africa.

From Mauritius to Colombo, the chief port and capital of the British island of Ceylon, is a matter of some two thousand miles. Much has been written of this " pearl of the Indian Ocean," of its natural loveliness and its charming and colourful people ; but today the emphasis is on sterner things. At Trincomalee there is an important naval base, the most important left to us in these waters now that Singapore has gone ; but for the rest the island is largely indefensible. Until only a year or two ago there was only one small aerodrome, a few miles outside Colombo, but it is reported that aerodromes have since been built for the use of the R.A.F. and Naval air arm. Trincomalee is declared to be impregnable—from the sea ; but the Japanese, if they come, may be expected to attack it from the land, just as they did Singapore ; and Ceylon has a great expanse of low-lying coastlands fringed with palms which might make excellent cover for enemy landings. Fortunately for the Cingalese, the island is close to India, and could thus be readily reinforced and supplied.

ANDAMAN ISLANDS, in the Bay of Bengal, 800 miles from both Calcutta and Trincomalee, were occupied by Japanese troops on March 23. Withdrawal of the British and Indian forces there was completed on March 12. The photograph shows Aberdeen Island viewed from Ross Island, across Port Blair harbour. *Photo, E.N.A.*

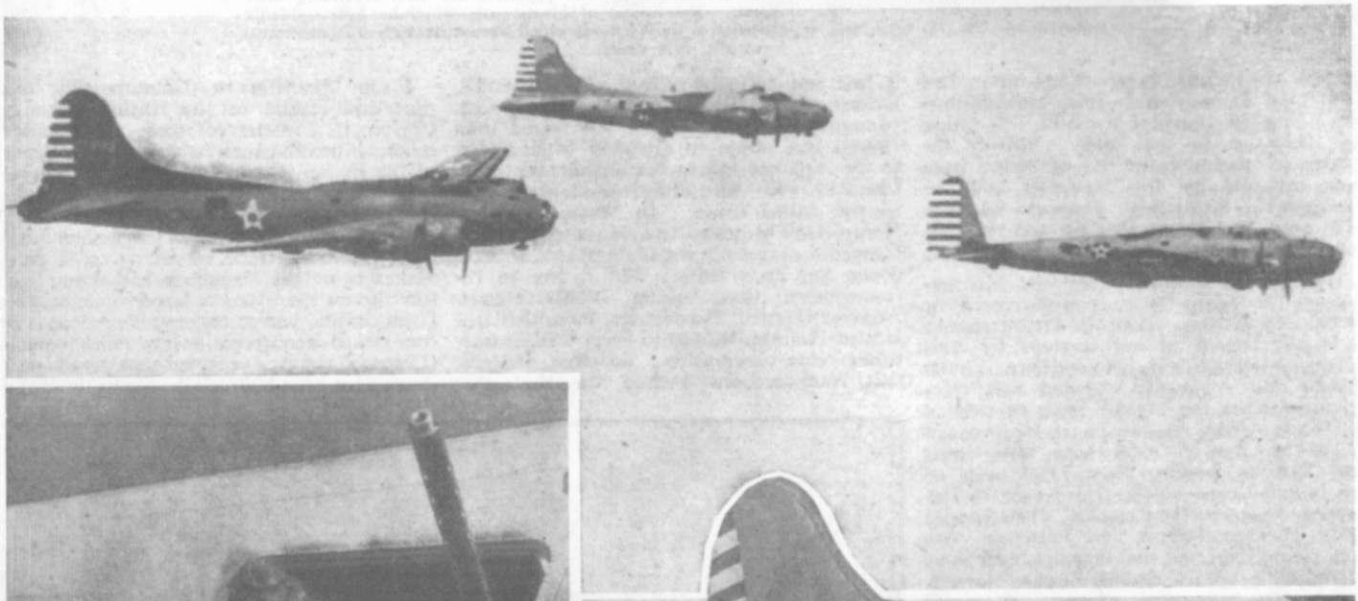
To the north-east of Madagascar lie the Seychelles, a scattered group of some ninety islands and islets, with a total area of only 156 square miles. The chief island of the Seychelles proper is Mahé ; its outer dependencies include Aldabra, Amirantes and Farquhar, Coetivy and Agalega, and we may be sure that the Japanese strategists have their eyes on them as possible bases for their surface and underwater raiders. The Seychelles have been a British colony since their capture from the French in 1794 ; the population is estimated at thirty-two thousand, and the chief product is coconuts.

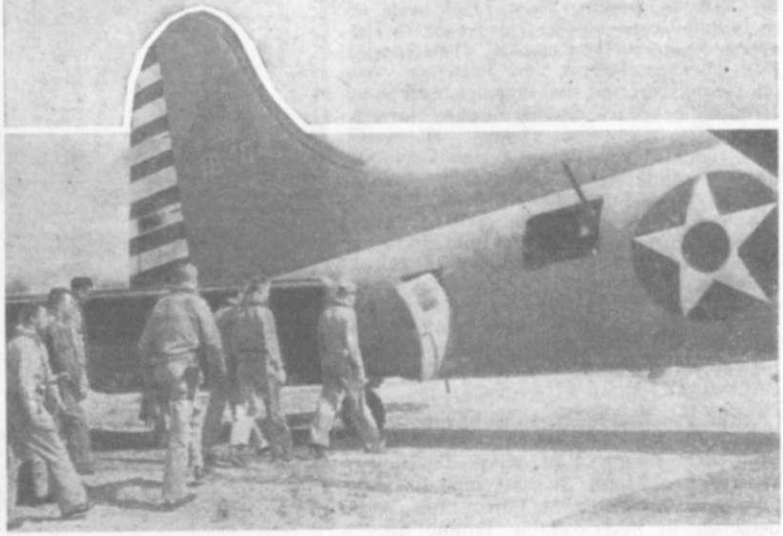
Lying 500 miles to the east of Madagascar is the British island of Mauritius ; though its area is only 720 sq. miles, it is densely populated, such is the tropical exuberance of its soil. Its population of some four hundred thousand is a medley of Negroes, Malays, Chinese, Ceylonese and Indians ; Indian coolies are largely employed on the sugar plantations. The governing officials are of course English, but for the rest, the upper class are descendants of the original French colonists. Under the same government are the Oil Islands or Chagos Archipelago (the most important is Diégo Garcia) lying almost in the middle of the Indian Ocean, and Rodrigues, some 350 miles to the north-east. Lying to the south-west on the direct line of communication with Durban is Réunion, a French island still professing allegiance to Vichy.

Lying well out from the Indian peninsula are several groups of islands : the Laccadives, 200 miles west of the Malabar coast of Madras province, to which they are politically attached : the coral islets of the Maldives, 400 miles south-west of Ceylon, of which they are a dependency ; and in the Bay of Bengal, the Andamans and Nicobars. The Andamans are particularly interesting from the sociological point of view, since the original inhabitants are represented by half-savage aborigines, while the bulk of the population are convicts or ticket-of-leave men.

To complete the list we may mention the Cocos or Keeling Islands—some twenty coral islets with a population of about a thousand, chiefly engaged in growing coconuts—and Christmas Island, which lies some 500 miles to the east of Cocos and 200 miles south of Java. Its importance is derived from the large natural deposit of phosphate of lime, which constitutes its sole export ; before the war most of it used to go to Japan. Maybe the Japs have already returned to the island, not as peaceful traders, but as warriors in the cause of " co-prosperity."

Hawaii Ready to Avenge the Felon Blow



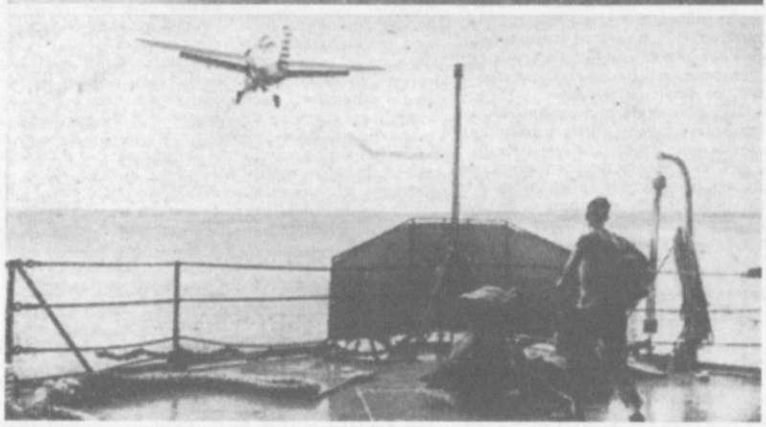


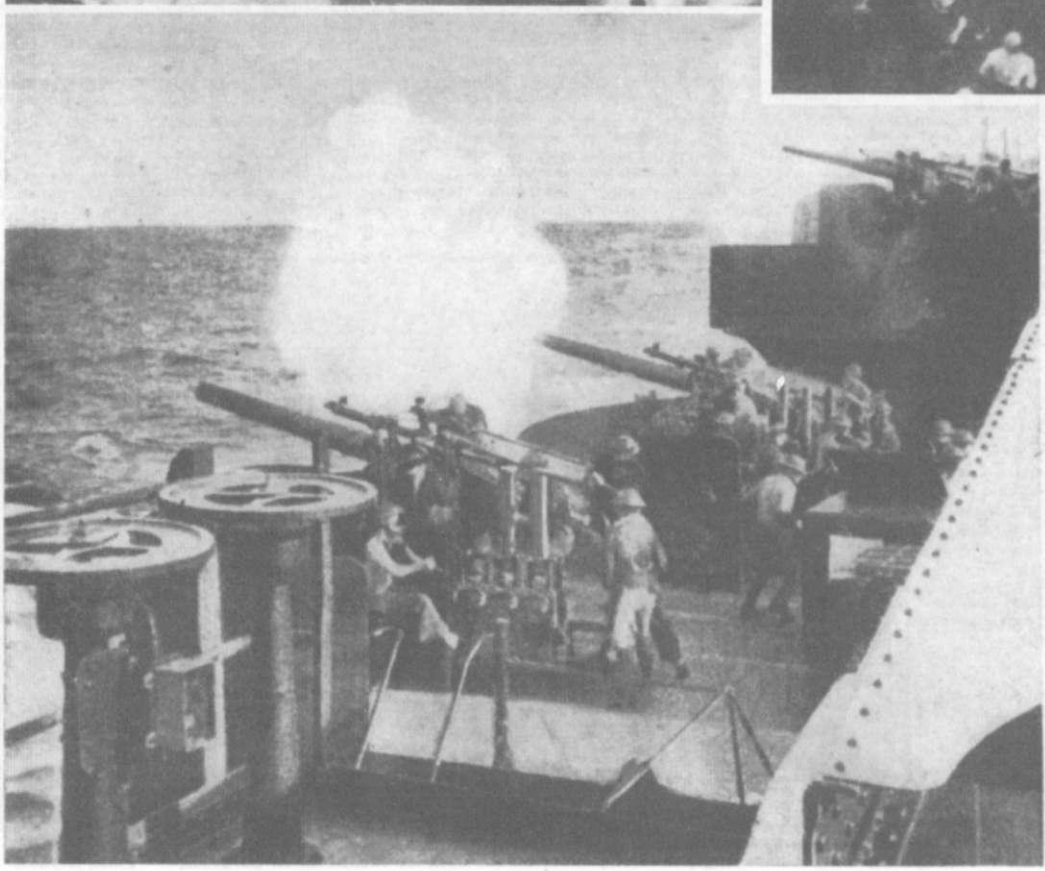
Top, giant Flying Fortresses of the Hawaiian Air Force Bomber Command flying in formation over the island. Above, two sergeants check over the ammunition belt of a machine-gun in the fuselage before taking off. Aircraft of this type have been used with great success in bombing Japanese positions in New Guinea.

Centre right, crew of a Flying Fortress of the Hawaiian Air Force Bomber Command going aboard their aircraft. Right, one of the Flying Fortresses being loaded up with 300-lb. bombs by an ordnance crew. Hawaii, fast recovering from the shock of Japan's surprise assault on Dec. 7, 1941, has been rapidly reinforcing its already powerful defences.

Photos, Wide World, Planet News

Japanese Islands Blasted by America's Fleet





On Feb. 1 the U.S. Navy Department announced that an attack had been made by surface and air units of the U.S. Pacific Fleet on Japanese bases in the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. Here are some of the first photographs to be received of this action. Top, an ammunition dump and two fuel dumps ablaze after an attack by U.S. planes. Above, mechanics refuelling and rearming a U.S. Navy plane on its return from the very successful raid.

Centre left, a carrier-based Navy plane taking off during the attack on the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. Left, guns in action aboard one of the U.S. cruisers which took part in the attack. The enemy ships sunk included one modern cruiser, two ocean-going submarines, a large liner, three tankers, five cargo boats, two auxiliaries, two minesweepers and numerous small craft.

Photos, Keystone, Planet News, Associated Press

Our Searchlight on the War

SELF-DENIAL WEEKS

The need is for ships and shipping space. Such is the indispensable foundation of all our war efforts. As a nation Britain is still consuming far too much. A series of self-denial weeks would greatly help to economise tonnage.

ALL over the European mainland where the blond Nazi beast has left his mark, people are suffering from starvation or semi-starvation. What is the position in Britain? Taking the

WARSHIP WEEK in London. Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, addressing the crowd from the deck of H.M.S. Trafalgar, constructed for the occasion in Trafalgar Square. *Photo, Sport & General*

nation as a whole we are living almost as well as in pre-war days. There is enough and more than enough to eat, drink, and smoke. We have been told to tighten our belts, and that will be no hardship. Thanks to our valiant seamen the supply of commodities has been such that, as compared with other nations, we hardly know that there's a war on. Our immunity is purchased at the expense of brave men ready to face every peril in order that Britain shall survive. There is not the slightest doubt that the average person could save on the consumption of food, drink, tobacco and other so-called necessities, at least for a limited period. If everybody agreed to eat one slice of bread less per day for a week shipping space available for purely military purposes would be substantially increased. Why not reserve certain weeks in the year as self-denial weeks, especially during the warmer, lighter months from May till the end of October? We have had our War Weapons Week and our Warships Week. Self-denial weeks, with the object of saving on consumption in every possible way, would be an inspiring gesture of a truly religious character. Let the Spartan spirit of our Merchant Navy find expression also on the home front. The Church might give a lead with self-denial sermons, the Press, the Wireless, and the prestige advertisers could help to popularize the idea. The first week in June, August and October might be devoted to this national service in patriotic thrift.

H.M.S. RAILINGS

Gates and railings during the week ending March 21 yielded a record total of 12,000 tons—more than sufficient in dead weight of metal to replace a heavy cruiser. London's share was 5,591 tons.

THE salvage of railings has proved one of the most practical and valuable emergency orders of the war. There is no little symbolism in the fact that these bits of old iron that once more or less protected the Englishman's home in the private sense are now being used nationally to stop the German gate-crasher. We have said farewell to our railings without any particular regret. On the whole, they were anything but beautiful and not very useful. The fashion for cheap iron work in domestic architecture and round open spaces was already passing before the War, and it is hardly likely to revive again. Somehow or other, such cast-iron reserve does not fit into the larger scheme of freedom for which civilization is fighting. There are many other kinds of railings that will have to go before the new world can be built, but they are in the nature of mental barricades to reforms long overdue.

EUROPE'S DARKEST AGE

It is inevitable that Fascism should curse the intellectuals. Historians will call the years of Hitler's easy victories the "black-out of Europe." The Fascists dread men who think—men on whose features shines the light, whether it emanates from the birth of new ideas, or as a reflection from the past.—*Ilya Ehrenburg*

TO say as some people do that Hitler has brought Europe back to the Middle Ages is an insult to the men who built the cathedrals and instituted the ideal of chivalry. In the whole history of the world there is no epoch foul enough to be compared to Hitlerite Germany, for Nazism is a deliberate and diabolical plan to destroy the human mind. All that is fine in past experience, whether in religion, art, poetry and philosophy, must necessarily be obliterated before Hitler can realize his mad dream of chaining mankind to the chariot of the Herrenvolk. The link that binds truly civilized men together is a belief in humanity as the chosen vehicle for the expression of truth and justice, though great minds differ as to these ideals, and the method of their attainment. It has remained to the Nazis to exalt lying, plunder and murder into cardinal virtues. Hitler's hatred of all culture, even German, is due to the fear that the system he has created is doomed whatever victories he may achieve, for it is impossible to deny the spiritual force behind man's instinct and longing for perfection. This power is proof against all the machinery of death, as the Nazis will ultimately learn.

PLEA FOR OPTIMISTIC RESOLUTION

Could Hitler have seen into the future would he have set his military machine in motion? He hoped to destroy the nations piecemeal. He has temporarily subjugated some, but the greatest Powers in the world are now ranged against him in overwhelming strength and resolution.

WITH the warmer and more cheerful weather may we hope that Britain will forget her long winter of discontent, and in a spirit of renewed optimism and unity get on with the war? This is no time for pessimism. We must look at the war as a whole, and not concentrate on reverses which, in regard to our initial weakness, were inevitable. The electorate as well as the leaders they chose to guide them during the abysmal period between the two wars must take their fair share of blame. They demanded disarmament and sought peace almost at any price. History can record no more tragic example of political

RECCE CORPS dispatch rider keeping various units in touch during exercises. The Army Reconnaissance Corps is called "the armed eyes of the Army."

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

myopia than occurred during the twenty years between 1919 and 1939. While we were all talking and acting peace the dictators were preparing to destroy us. Even with the Hun at our gates we refused to have conscription. The wonder is that Britain has not only survived but that she can visualize victory on the horizon. Let us remember our deliverance with gratitude to all the men who have helped to save us. Our defeats are deplorable, but do we realize how great, how providential perhaps, have been our victories? They brought us through the darkest days when we stood alone, and they are the foundation upon which the Allies will triumph. Pessimism in the face of our grand record of courage and endurance is an unworthy and dangerous attitude of mind.

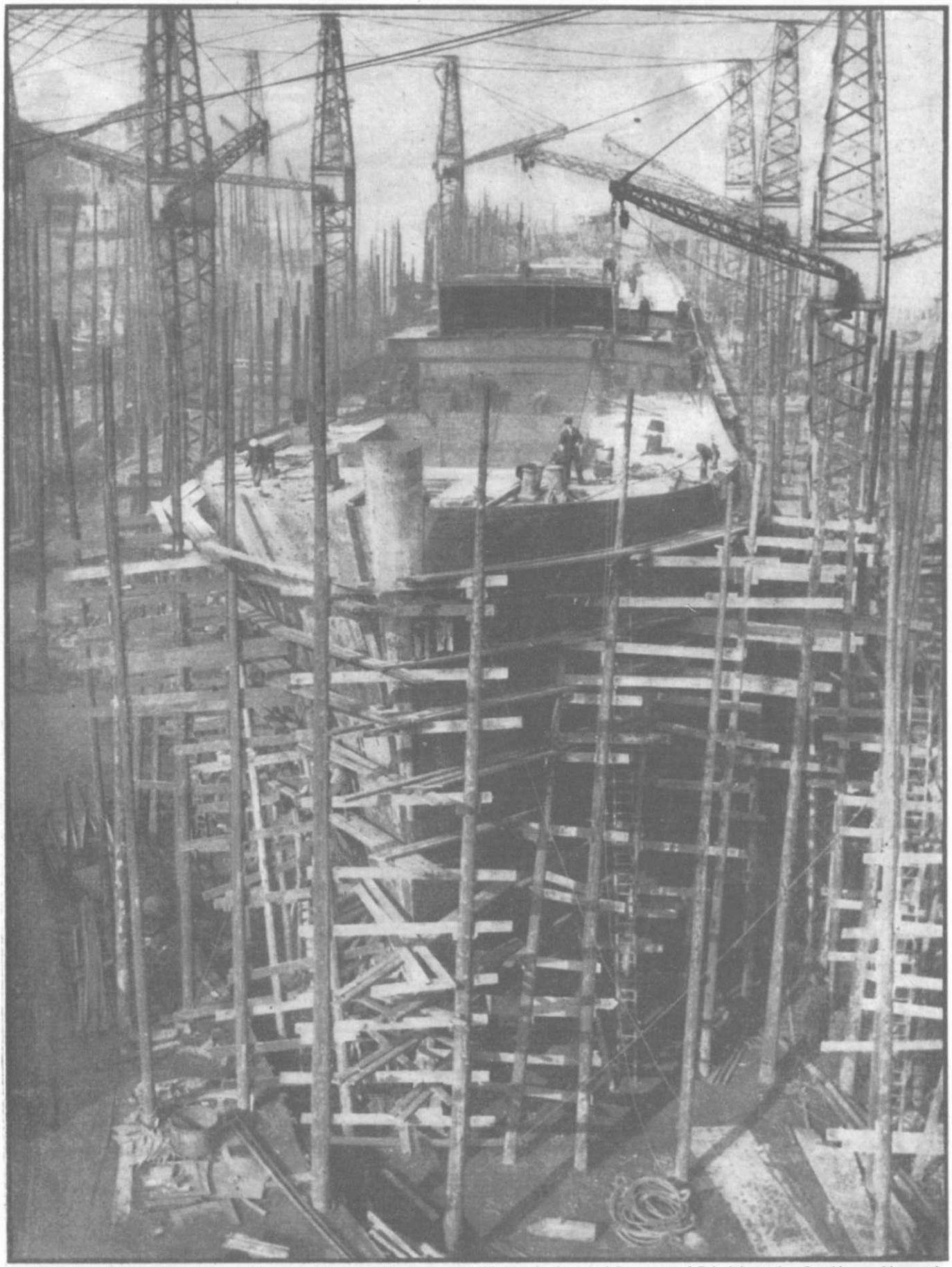
THE WREN CHURCHES

It is an important and interesting fact that only one of the blitzed Wren churches is a total wreck.

WREN was undoubtedly one of Britain's greatest architects, and though his work in London has suffered cruelly as a result of German raids the essential structure of many of his churches survives. This fact must be remembered in any plans for general reconstruction of the town. Wholesale demolition of such aesthetically valuable buildings, though damaged, would be a great loss to our architectural heritage. The Wren churches that can be restored must have their place in the new survey of London. Just as we cherish Old Masters in painting, so must we preserve the classics of architecture. It is to be hoped that Wren churches will be given more space, and thus seen to better advantage.

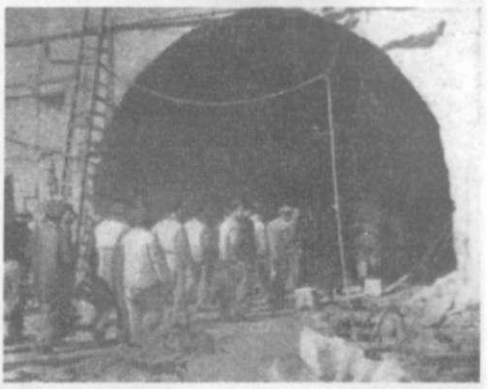
ITALIAN PRISONERS, mostly captured in the Tobruk area, at work in a London Park. All the prisoners have large, circular patches on the back for identification purposes. *Photo, Keystone*

We Must Have Ships, Ever More Ships



ANOTHER MERCHANT SHIP is nearing completion on the stocks and will soon be launched from one of Britain's yards. Speaking at Liverpool on March 22, Mr. Attlee stated that the naval tonnage we completed in the last quarter of 1941 was four times as much as in the last quarter before the war and merchant shipping twice as much. Current production is greater than at any time in the last war, when there were more yards, more men and no "blitz" and black-out to contend with. *Photo, Keystone*

More Than 1,600 Air Raids On Malta!

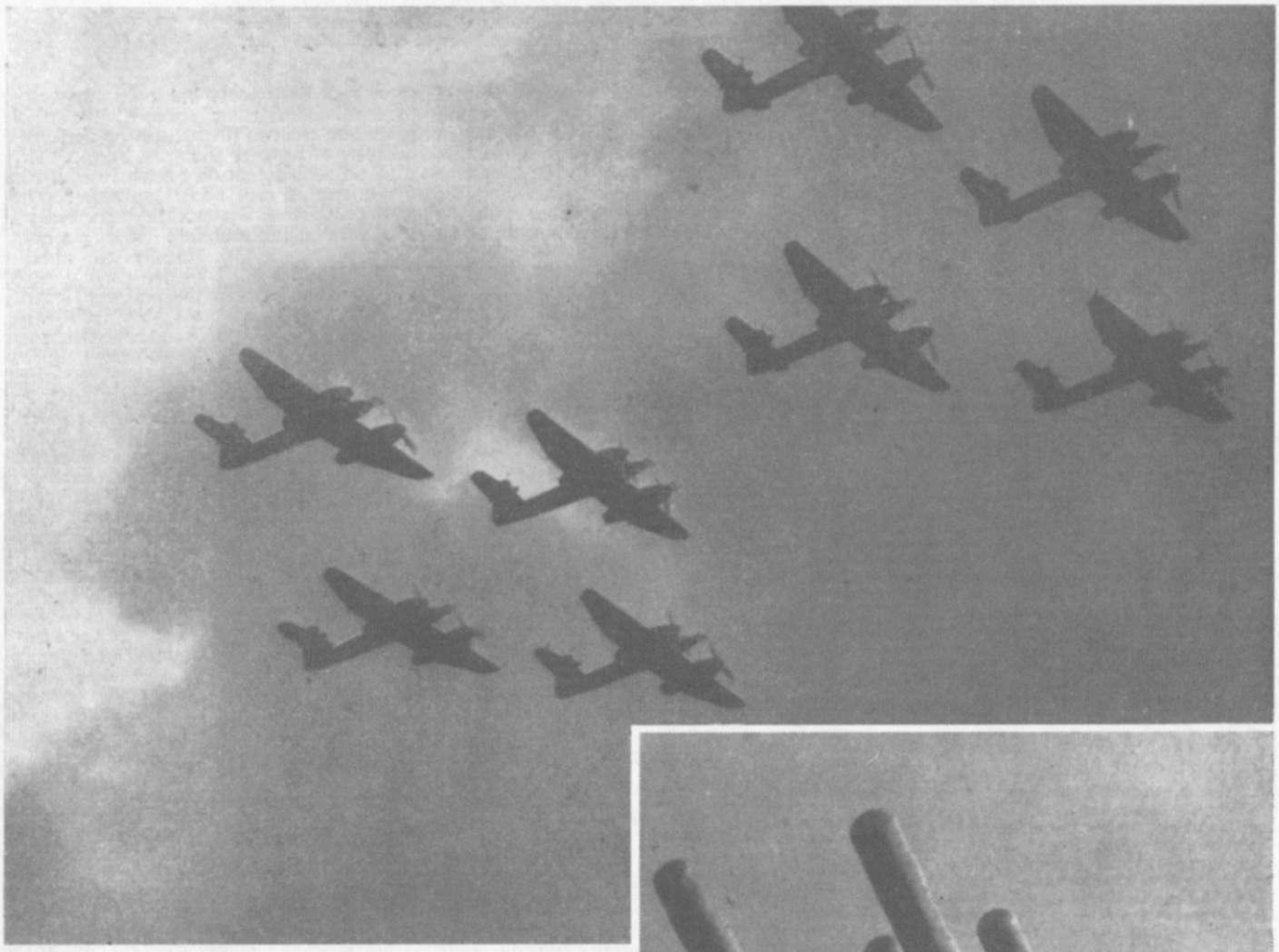


Scenes from the raids on Malta. Circle left, a policeman on duty at the Royal Naval Dockyard watches the battle imperturbably. Centre, a workman descending by rope from a building on which he was working. Right, dockyard workers entering a rock shelter following an "imminent danger" signal.

Above, the charred wreckage of a Ju 88 dive-bomber shot down over Malta by Hurricane fighters. Circle right, an R.A.F. Wing Commander in charge of a Blenheim squadron based on Malta. The small bombs painted on "Old Joe's" fuselage denote the number of raids this aircraft has carried out on enemy territory and shipping.

MALTA UNDAUNTED by more than 1,600 air raids still goes about its business with calm and dignity. This is Kingsway, main street of Valletta, with many of its shops, churches and houses destroyed by bombing. But Malta is magnificently defended: even the Germans admit as much. "In Malta," said a speaker on the German radio on March 15, "the British possess air defences which are unequalled." They should know. Hundreds of Axis planes have been brought down there by British Spitfires, Hurricanes, and A.A. guns. *Photos, British Official*

They 'Ride in Whirlwinds and Direct the Storm'



WHIRLWINDS, in mass formation, are seen above, their four 20-mm. cannon, mounted in the nose, being clearly visible against the clouds. These cannon, whose great fire power makes the Whirlwind a dangerous opponent for the Luftwaffe pilot, are seen close up on the right. A mechanic is about to take off the covers. Below, members of a Whirlwind squadron in front of one of their planes. The Whirlwind single-seat monoplane fighter is powered with two Rolls-Royce Peregrine engines, each of 850 h.p. An unusual feature which distinguishes this aircraft is the tail unit, the tail planes being set far above the line of the fuselage and towards the upper extremity of the high fin.

Photos, Fox, Associated Press

MacArthur and His Yanks Arrive 'Down Under'

While American airmen were plastering the Japanese troops and transports in the New Guinea area, a great host of their fellow-countrymen were quietly arriving at Australian ports. Below we describe their coming, and something is told also of the dramatic advent of their commander, gallant MacArthur of Philippine fame.

IN the Prime Minister's office in Canberra the telephone rang. Mr. Curtin picked up the receiver. It was the American General Brett at the other end—Brett, Deputy C.-in-C. of the A B D A front. "MacArthur has arrived," came the brief statement; "I am sending you a fuller message by plane." Already two airmen—by happy augury, an Australian and an American—were flying to Canberra; and soon the Prime Minister had General Brett's message in his hand.

"The President of the United States," it read, "directs me to present his compliments, and to inform you that General Douglas MacArthur, of the United States Army, has arrived in Australia from the Philippines. In accordance with his directions, General MacArthur has assumed command of all the United States Army forces here. Should it accord with your wishes and those of the Australian people, the President suggests that it would be highly acceptable to him and pleasing to the American people for the Australian Government to nominate General MacArthur supreme commander of all the Allied forces in the south-west Pacific. Such nomination should be submitted simultaneously to London and Washington. The President is in general agreement with the proposals regarding the organization and command of the Australian area, and regrets that he has been unable to inform you of General MacArthur's pending arrival, but feels certain that you will appreciate that his safety during the voyage from the Philippines required the highest order of secrecy."

Forthwith, Mr. Curtin sent an enthusiastic cable to President Roosevelt.

"General MacArthur's heroic defence of the Philippines has evoked the admiration of the world and has been an example of the stubborn resistance with which the advance of the enemy ought to be opposed. The Australian Government feels that his leadership of the Allied forces in this theatre will be an inspiration to the Australian people and to all the forces which will be privileged to serve under his command."

On the same day (March 17) the American War Department in New York announced that General Douglas MacArthur, accompanied by Mrs. MacArthur and their four-year-old son, by his Chief of Staff, Brig.-Gen. Richard K. Sutherland, Brig.-Gen. Harold H. George of the Air Corps, and several other staff officers, had arrived that day in Australia by aeroplane. It was stated that General MacArthur was to be Supreme Commander in that region, including the Philippine Islands, in accordance with the request of the Australian Government; and it was revealed that as early as Feb. 22 General MacArthur had been ordered by President Roosevelt to transfer his headquarters from the Philippines to Australia as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. General MacArthur had requested that he might be permitted to perfect arrangements within his command in the Philippines, and the consequent delay had been authorized by the President.

U.S. AIRMEN now operating from Australia examine the wing of their bomber riddled with bullets from Jap fighters while raiding enemy-occupied territory. *Photo, Planet News*

Gen. MacARTHUR (left) shaking hands with one of Australia's military leaders on arrival for his first conference in Melbourne. Photograph radioed from Australia.

Escape from the Philippines

How did MacArthur get to Australia? The story of his escape from the enemy-infested Philippines makes dramatic reading. By a fortunate chance a squadron of six American motor torpedo-boats arrived in the Philippines shortly before the outbreak of war, and it was in these M.T.B.s that he decided to make his escape, although some of his senior officers urged that he should make the attempt by submarine. But General MacArthur put his trust in Capt. Bulkely's little ships.

Soon after sunset on March 12 the little party started off in four motor torpedo-boats. In the early hours of the next morning the boats were separated, and most were late in arriving at the appointed rendezvous. At nightfall the boats put out to sea again, but now they were only three, as one had developed engine trouble and the passengers had to be transferred. All three ships sighted enemy destroyers, but they managed to get by undetected, and by noon they reached their second rendezvous.

Here they went ashore and pushed inland to where it had been arranged for three Flying Fortresses to pick them up. But the planes were late. After three days and nights the little party began to fear that the planes had been shot down.

But on the fourth night they heard the welcome drone of the bomber's engines and soon two Fortresses—but only two—came to land. MacArthur squeezed the whole party into the two planes, leaving perforce a quantity of baggage and arms behind. They took off at midnight on March 16 and, after flying over an area under Japanese control, managed to reach Darwin safely between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning. Making a quick transfer to another plane, they resumed the southward journey via Alice Springs.

But MacArthur was by no means the first American to arrive "down under." For weeks past, indeed, thousands of American troops and airmen had been arriving at Australian ports. The first clue to their arrival was when it was announced on Jan. 6 that "American visitors might make payments in Australian currency." Convoy after convoy of great luxury liners, cargo boats, and warships, crossed 12,000 miles of the South Pacific, dodging the submarines which tried in vain to penetrate the American Navy's protective curtain.

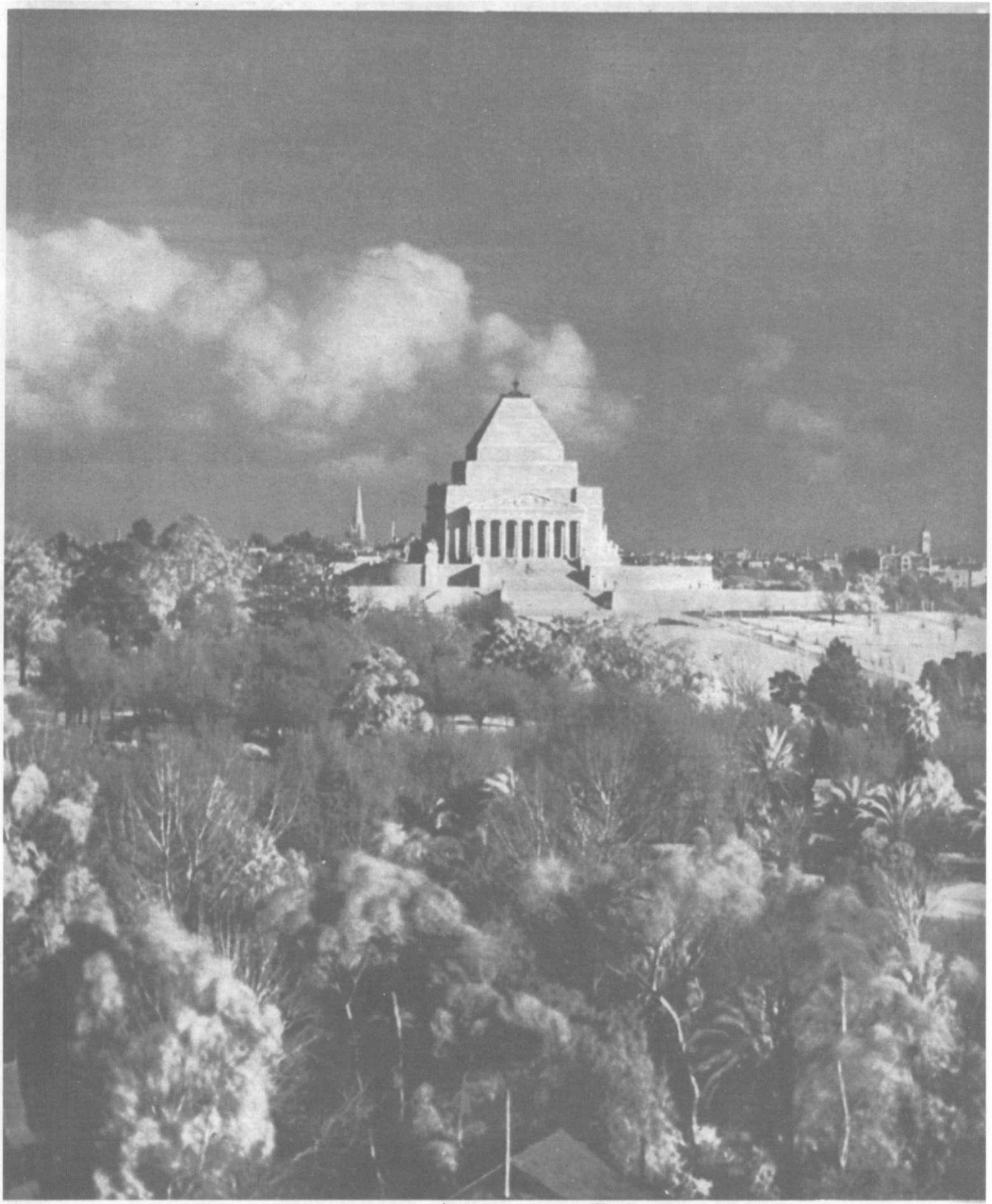
Hardly had the troopships docked when the men in Yankee uniform streamed down the gangways, followed by an endless chain of vehicles, transport trucks and guns of every calibre. As they passed through the city streets on the way to camp they were stared at, then delightedly mobbed, by the Australians, who could not do too much for the American visitors. But still their presence was not officially announced, and the Australian girls greet their new-found "dough-boy" friends with "Hullo, Official Secret, how do you like it here?"

Early in January a U.S. Army headquarters was set up in Australia, and very shortly in several of the provincial capitals American soldiers far outnumbered their Australian comrades. American airmen were there, too, in great numbers and the sight of American planes, including Kittyhawks and Flying Fortresses, became a familiar spectacle in the Australian sky. But it was not until March 17 that Mr. Stimson, the U.S. Secretary of War, announced in Washington that "units of the United States Army, including both air and ground troops in considerable numbers, are now in Australia."

It was on March 21 that General MacArthur reached Melbourne, and from his hotel he issued a statement to the press.

"I am glad" [he said], "to be in immediate cooperation with the Australian soldier. I know him well from World War days, and admire him greatly. I have every confidence of the ultimate success of our joint cause, but success in modern war requires something more than courage and willingness to die; it requires careful preparation. This means the furnishing of sufficient troops and material to meet the known strength of a potential enemy. No general can make something out of nothing. My success or failure depends primarily on the resources that the respective Governments place at my disposal."

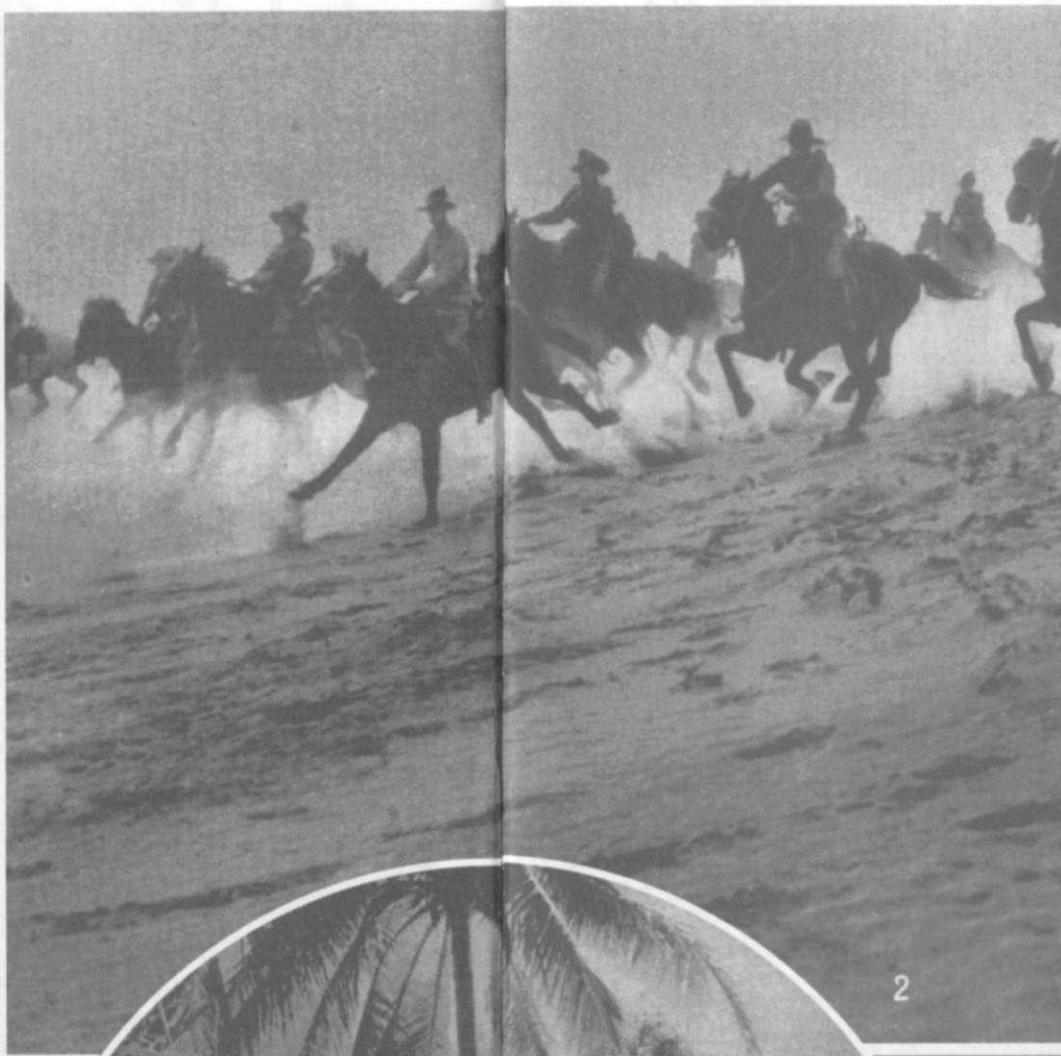
"My faith in them," he concluded, "is complete. In any event I will do my best. I will keep the soldier's faith."



Photo, Fox

Australia Remembers—and Prepares

In the Great War the Australians played a great and noble part. The memory of those who served lives as an inspiration in the present hour of trial; it is symbolized in this impressive stone temple, the War Memorial in Melbourne. Within is a "Rock of Rememrance," so placed that a shaft of light from an aperture in the roof strikes it at 11 a.m. on November 11.



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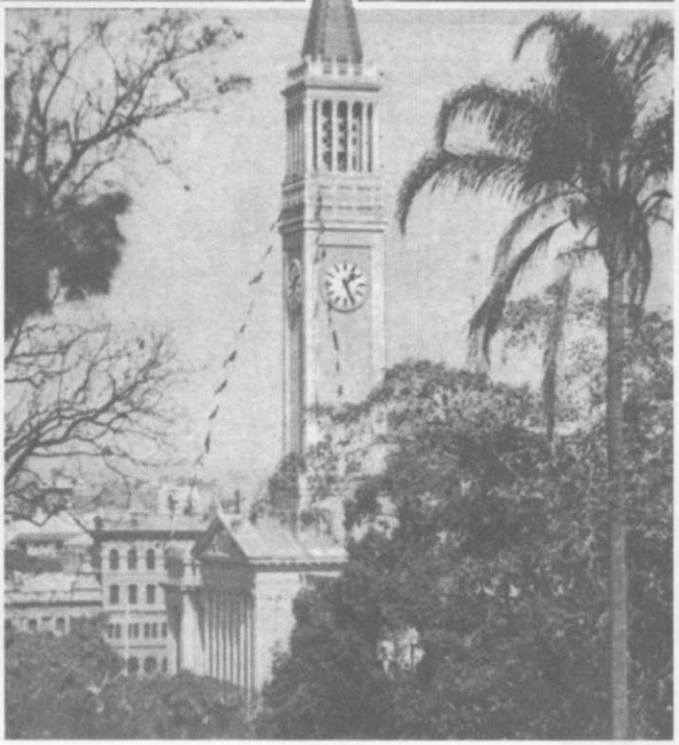


Most Australians Live in Cities!

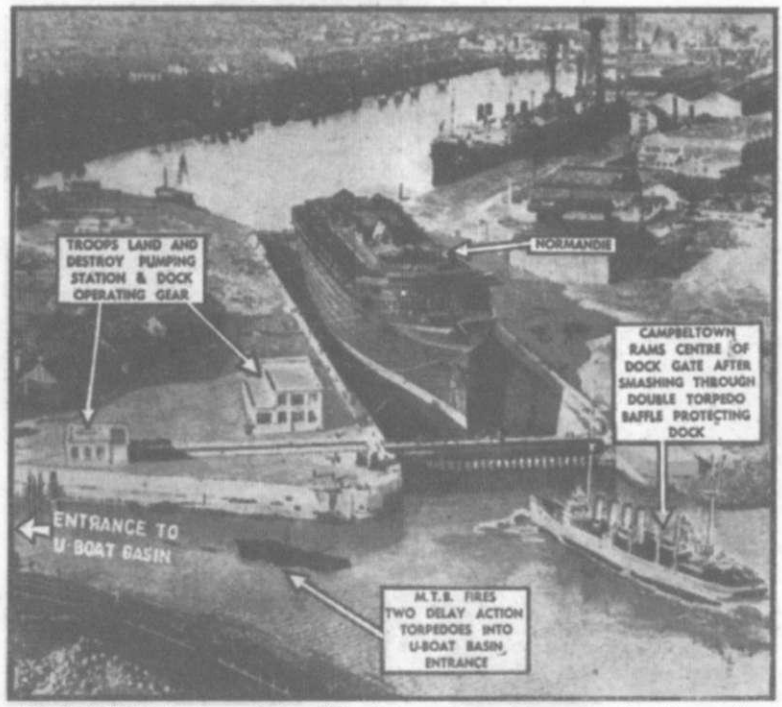
Photos, Wide World, Fox

Third largest city in the British Empire is Sydney, capital of the state of New South Wales; one of its finest residential districts is seen in the top photograph. In the centre is the old Government House, now dwarfed by modern skyscrapers. Left, Unity Building and Town Hall, Melbourne, capital of Victoria. Right, the City Hall of Brisbane, capital of Queensland.

St. Nazaire: Most Daring Raid Since Zeebrugge

Just four weeks after the raid on Bruneval, another combined operation was delivered on March 27–28, this time against the Nazi U-boat base at St. Nazaire. What follows is based on the official communiqués; accounts by Gordon Holman, Reuter's and Exchange correspondent, and other eye-witnesses, will be given in our next number.

ALL was quiet in St. Nazaire that Friday night. The tide was running high, and low clouds obscured the moon, now nearing the full. In the harbour basin German U-boats lay at anchor, where a quarter of a century ago a great host of Americans landed to help win the first Great War. Most of the town's population and the garrison were abed and asleep, but the German sentries were awake, and every now and then the searchlights swept the waters of the estuary. From north to south they wheeled and then back again, and for hours there was nothing to report. But at length—it must have been round about midnight—the probing finger of light picked out a number of darkened ships swiftly making their way through the narrow channel which lies between the shore and a line of sandbanks. At once the alarm was given, and the curtain went up on a drama such as has not been played since the Zeebrugge raid of St. George's Day in 1918.


TROOPS LAND AND DESTROY PUMPING STATION & DOCK OPERATING GEAR
NORMANDIE
CAMPBELTOWN RAMS CENTRE OF DOCK GATE AFTER SMASHING THROUGH DOUBLE TORPEDO BAFFLE PROTECTING DOCK
ENTRANCE TO U-BOAT BASIN
M.T.B. FIRES TWO DELAY ACTION TORPEDOES INTO U-BOAT BASIN ENTRANCE

ST. NAZAIRE, the large dock. This photograph was taken when the Normandie was there and gives an idea of the size of the dock, which is large enough to hold the German battleship Tirpitz. The picture of H.M.S. Campbeltown was superimposed to show how she rammed the dock gate. *Photo, Courtesy of The Daily Mail*

What followed has been tersely related in a series of official communiqués. The first, issued on the morning of Saturday, March 28, merely stated that "a combined operation was carried out in the early hours of this morning by units of all three Services in a small raid on St. Nazaire." The second, issued late the same evening, gave the news that a signal had been received from the raiding force which was now returning safely. Twenty-four hours later the third communiqué was much more detailed.

Carried out in the early hours of March 28 by light forces of the Royal Navy (under the command of Cmdr. R. E. D. Ryder, R.N.), Special Service Troops (led by Lt.-Col. A. C. Newman, of the Essex Regiment), and R.A.F. aircraft, the raid was primarily directed against the large dry docks and the harbour installations at St. Nazaire.

H.M.S Campbeltown (ex-American destroyer U.S.S. Buchanan), with bows specially stiffened and filled with five tons of delayed action high explosive, forced her way through the doubled torpedo baffle protecting the entrance to the lock and rammed the centre of the main lock gate. The force of the impact was such that the destroyer came to a standstill only when her bridge was abreast the gate itself. As soon as the bows of the Campbeltown were firmly wedged, Special Service Troops landed as arranged and set about the work of demolition. The pumping station and dock-operating gear were destroyed, and other demolition work was carried out according to plan.

Meanwhile a motor torpedo boat had fired two delayed action torpedoes at the entrance to the U-boat basin and a motor launch had taken off the crew of the Campbeltown. A large explosion, followed by a smaller one, was seen and heard by our returning forces at 4 a.m., which was the time the delayed action fuses were due to go off.

The raid caused panic among the enemy, who fired indiscriminately at friend and foe. The enemy's 6-in. guns sank one of their own flak ships at the time she was engaging our returning forces.

Only a small proportion of the diversionary bombing could be carried out on account of low cloud for fear of inflicting casualties on the French civilian population.

Their task accomplished, our troops commenced to withdraw in motor launches detailed for the purpose to rejoin the covering force of destroyers. Enemy machine-guns appear to have prevented the full withdrawal of some of our forces.

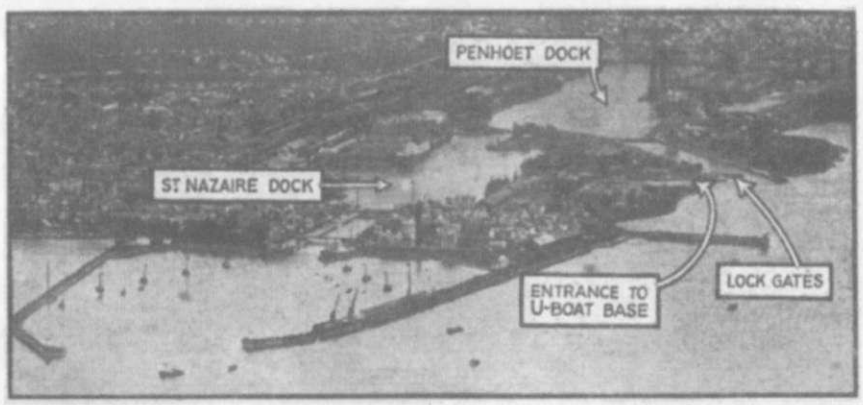
Five German torpedo boats came into sight and opened fire on our motor launches. The escorting destroyers drove them off and forced them to retire. (Although classed by the Germans as torpedo boats, these vessels are similar to our "S" class destroyers.) Beaufighters, Hudsons and Blenheims of Coastal Command provided air protection to our returning forces.

Commander R. E. D. Ryder, 34-year-old polar explorer, who commanded the naval forces in the raid on St. Nazaire. *Photo, News Chronicle*

As was only to be expected, the German High Command claimed that the raid had been a complete failure. But German war correspondents who were there paid high tribute to the British forces who had taken part in the operations. "Even after being isolated from the main force," wrote one correspondent, "certain British units continued bitter resistance. They established themselves in houses, and kept up fire from the windows, fighting with terrific fury."

Another wrote of Scottish troops who, wearing rubber-soled shoes, landed swiftly and silently on the shore without being seen by the German defenders; "they advanced on the town and established themselves in the houses, resisting every attack most stubbornly." Yet another, quoted by the official German news agency, revealed that it was not until 8 a.m. that the harbour and town were once again completely in German hands.

This last fact is eloquent of the magnificent stand made by those of the raiders who had been unable to regain the boats; it was proof that for four hours after the raid's end they maintained a fierce resistance. The Germans claimed about a hundred prisoners, and there were many casualties not only in the landing force but in the accompanying ships. When the expedition arrived back in port on Sunday, March 29, the White Ensign was flown at half-mast, and naval ratings were kept busy carrying wounded men on stretchers to the waiting ambulances. But, as Gordon Holman wrote: "The men who paid the bill were the last who counted the cost."



The docks at St. Nazaire, showing the lock gates rammed by H.M.S. Campbeltown and the entrance to the U-boat base at which delayed action torpedoes were fired. Lt.-Cmdr. Beattie, commanding the Campbeltown, was reported missing. *Photo, Associated Press*

SOLDIERS OF THE RED BANNER. In the Far East, as is told in the article in the facing page, Soviet Russia has a powerful, numerous and well-equipped army; this photograph shows a Russian patrol somewhere on the frontier between Siberia and Japanese-controlled Manchukuo. Just how strong these Red Banner armies are is a matter of conjecture, but it may be confidently assumed that they are well capable of meeting any thrust of the Japanese if the aggressive instinct of the war lords at Tokyo should embolden them to go north after their all-too-easy successes in the south. *Photo, Planet News*

Stalin Has Another Army in the Far East

"If they dare poke their pig's snout into our Soviet garden," Stalin is reported to have said once when the Japanese were adopting a particularly truculent attitude, "it will get a rap which they will never forget." This article tells of the men who may be expected to give that rap if and when it is required.

FIVE thousand miles beyond Moscow, right on the other side of Asia in the provinces that fringe the Pacific, Russia's Army of the Far East stands ready for war. Really it is three armies: the Army of the Transbaikal Military District on the Mongolian border, and the First and Second Red Banner Armies with their headquarters at Vladivostok and on the Amur river.

As long ago as 1935 the Red Army in the Far East (says Max Werner) was in a position to put about 300,000 men into the field against Japan. That was but a beginning, however, and there can be no doubt that every year that has passed has seen a considerable increase in its strength. By the autumn of 1938 it was reliably reported to have numbered over half a million. Today its field strength is reported to be a million, and some military writers are of the opinion that the Russians could put three million men into the field against the Japanese. Certain it is that in addition to the first-line troops there is a very large number of reservists—men who, after they have completed their period of service, have settled as colonists in the vast and still sparsely peopled areas which constitute the Far Eastern command. For some years past young Russians have been encouraged to enlist in the Red Banner armies. The encouragement consists not only in appeals to patriotism, to the desire for change and adventure and "see the world at the army's expense," but of pay somewhat higher than that of the ordinary Red Army man. Thus the Red Banner armies have claim to be regarded as a "corps d'élite," since they contain a very large element of the most vigorous and enterprising of Russia's young manhood. Moreover, they are reported to be particularly well supplied with all the machinery of modern war—with heavy guns in plenty, masses of light artillery, mechanized cavalry and several thousand tanks. To what extent the Red Banner armies have had to contribute in men and equipment to the war against Hitler can hardly be determined, but it seems safe to assume that their strength has not been seriously diminished.

All authorities lay stress on the fact that the Far Eastern army is entirely separate from that which is fighting so valiantly in the west; it has been the definite policy of Stalin and the Russian military authorities to create and maintain it in a state of both military and economic independence. To an almost complete extent its supplies are derived from local sources; and here we must remember that the Far Eastern provinces of the Soviet are vast in extent (some 3,000,000 square miles), of huge productive capacity, and possessed of still vaster potentialities. During the last ten or a dozen years the whole face of the Soviet Far East has been transformed. Extensive schemes of hydro-electric development have been carried out. Great towns—Khabarovsk, capital of the Far Eastern Territory, and Komsomolsk, a centre of the machine-tool industry, Cheremkhovo on the Baikal coal-field—have arisen on the sites of obscure villages or in the heart of the unpeopled *taiga*. Steel plants and coal mines provide some of the most important of war's raw materials; while oil, that other prime essential, comes by pipeline from the Russian (northern) half of the island of Sakhalin. Save perhaps for wheat the Far East Regions provide all the foodstuffs required for their population and the Army, while in Vladivostok huge canneries have been established to deal with tremendous quantities of fish—today as in the past one of the most important elements in the Russian soldier's diet. Then the Far Eastern Command has its own shipyards, its own plane factories, and its own plant for the production and repair of tanks and other war vehicles.

Doubling the Trans-Siberian

None of this development would have been possible unless it had gone hand in hand with an immense extension of the transport system. At the time of the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5 the Trans-Siberian Railway to Vladivostok was a single track, so that only a one-way traffic was possible; the goods trucks as they arrived at the Far Eastern terminus were flung off the line and dumped. Lack of supplies was one of the main reasons for Russia's defeat in that war of a generation ago, but such a situation should never arise again. By 1938 the Trans-Siberian railway's tremendous length had been double-tracked, and work is now proceeding on the treble-tracking of considerable lengths. Moreover, a new Siberian railway is being, or has been, constructed, running to the north of the old line, from Taishet in Central Siberia through Bodaibo and Komsomolsk to Sovietskaya, on the Pacific facing Sakhalin. Connecting links between the two railways have been built, in particular one between Komsomolsk and Khabarovsk. The road system, too, has been developed in the most revolutionary fashion, since there is now a network of motor-roads linking all the centres of industry and of strategy in the Far East, from Outer Mongolia to the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk. Werner describes this road building as probably the biggest strategical transport feat of our generation.

Marshal V. BLUECHER, mystery man of the Soviet Army, whose name has been associated, rightly or not no one yet knows, with the Red Armies in the Far East. *Photo, G.P.U.*

Guarding the vital Trans-Siberian and North Baikal railways is a vast and powerful defence system running from Vladivostok to Lake Baikal and hugging the Amur and Ussuri rivers where they form the border with Japanese-controlled Manchukuo. Built between 1932 and 1937, this Far Eastern Maginot Line is reported to be three miles deep and to include 5,000 concrete pill-boxes armed with cannon and machine-guns and numerous gas-proof and bomb-proof subterranean chambers. Behind this fortified zone are sited a number of aerodromes (see map).

Vladivostok is the main base of Russia's Far Eastern fleet, since it is the only Russian port in the Pacific which is ice-free, or can be kept free by ice-breakers, throughout the year. Of late years its repair yards have been extended and a floating-dock installed. At the same time a new town and port has been brought into being at Sovietskaya, while a new naval base has been constructed at Nikolayevsk on the mouth of the Amur river. Yet another new naval base is at Petropavlovsk in Kamchatka.

To end on a personal note, who are the Soviet commanders in the Far East? That is an official secret, but two men have been associated for years past with that vital region: Marshal Vassili Bluecher and General Grigori Stern. Bluecher is a man in his early forties who was largely responsible for the establishment of the Soviet Mongolian Republic, after which he commanded the Communist armies in China which were cooperating with General Chiang Kai-shek. Stern is not yet forty, but, according to report, he fought for the Government in the Spanish Civil War, and in 1938 was recalled to Russia to become Bluecher's chief-of-staff. In 1938 he was in command of the Soviet forces which defeated the Japanese in the battle of Changkufeng on the Manchukuo border, and again in the next year in Outer Mongolia. At the beginning of last year he was reported to be bringing the Russian defences in the Far East into a still higher state of efficiency, ready for the day when (so the Russians have long anticipated) the Japanese war lords go north as well as south.

RUSSIA'S PACIFIC FRONT faces the islands of Japan, while on land it runs for many hundreds of miles with that of Japanese-controlled Manchukuo. Of particular interest, then, are the Russian air and naval bases shown in this map. From Vladivostok to Tokyo is some 700 miles.

Our Diary of the War

FRIDAY, MAR. 20, 1942 *930th day*

Russian Front.—Fighting fiercest around Leningrad and west of Staraya Russa.

Mediterranean.—Heavy air attacks on shipping in the Grand Harbour at Malta.

Far East.—Jap forces advanced along the Markham valley of New Guinea from Lae. Port Moresby raided by Jap bombers. In Burma, Chinese cavalry inflicted considerable casualties on a mixed enemy force.

Home.—Bombs dropped after dark by enemy bombers in S.W. England.

SATURDAY, MAR. 21 *931st day*

Russian Front.—Heavy fighting in the Donetz sector. Russians reported nearing Orel.

Mediterranean. — Admiralty announced sinking of two large enemy supply ships in Central Mediterranean by British submarine. Malta defences destroyed 17 enemy aircraft in heaviest raids of the year.

Africa.—Free French H.Q. announced that Gen. Leclerc's columns had raided new Italian outposts in Zuila-Temessa district, N.E. of Murzuk.

Far East.—In Burma, heavy fighting around railway junction of Letpadan. Japs advancing towards Toungoo. Derby and Broome, in W. Australia, attacked by enemy aircraft. Allied bombers raided Rabaul; hits scored on two enemy cruisers.

SUNDAY, MAR 22. *932nd day*

Sea.—Naval forces under Rear-Adm. Vian, covering passage of a convoy through Mediterranean, made contact with an Italian force. Italian battleship torpedoed and set on fire; two cruisers damaged. British losses, one merchant ship sunk; one destroyer hit.

Russian Front.—Moscow announced 12,000 Germans killed in ten-day battle on the Kalinin front.

Africa.—Cairo announced that mobile columns of the 8th Army had carried out a successful two-day raid behind Rommel's lines in Libya.

Far East.—Japs made daylight raid on Darwin and Katherine. Allied planes heavily bombed Lae in New Guinea.

General.—Sir Stafford Cripps arrived in India.

MONDAY, MAR. 23 *933rd day*

Russian Front.—Russian forces reported to have surrounded Novgorod.

Mediterranean.—Admiralty announced two U-boats, two supply ships, six schooners and a motor transport vessel sunk by British submarines.

Far East.—At least 12 enemy planes destroyed in attack on Mingaladon aerodrome. U.S. Navy Dept. announced that a U.S submarine had sunk three Jap ships and damaged two others in Japanese waters. Port Moresby raided by Jap planes. Japanese occupied the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal.

Home.—Night raids over S.E. Coast. Two enemy aircraft destroyed.

TUESDAY, MAR. 24 *934th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made daylight attack on power station at Comines, near Lille, and other objectives in N. France.

Russian Front.—No material change. Heavy fighting in Donetz sector and on the Kerch peninsula.

Far East.—Heavy raid on Port Moresby. In Philippines, Corregidor raided by 54 Japanese heavy bombers. Three shot down. A.V.G. bombers attacked enemy airfields at Chiengmai and Lambhun, in Siam. Chinese forces in Burma resisting Jap drive to Toungoo.

Home.—Night raids over S. Coast. Formation of a General Staff for War Production announced.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 25 *935th day*

Air.—R.A.F. sweep over N. France. Heavy night raid on Essen and targets in the Ruhr. Daylight attack on shipyards at Le Trait, west of Rouen. Night attacks on docks at St. Nazaire.

Mediterranean.—Heavy air raids on harbour at Malta. Three enemy aircraft destroyed, 3 probably destroyed and 8 seriously damaged. Many others hit.

Far East.—U.S. Navy Dept. announced successful naval raids on Wake Island and Marcus Island by Vice-Adm. Halsey's Pacific Fleet "Task Force." Chinese forces threatened with being cut off on Toungoo front in Burma. Port Moresby again raided.

THURSDAY, MAR. 26 *936th day*

Air.—R.A.F. attacked shipping and docks at Le Havre in daylight. Eight German fighters destroyed. Night raids on Ruhr. Daylight attacks on oil refinery near Ghent and airfields in Holland.

Russian Front.—Germans lost at least 11 aircraft in heavy raid over Murmansk. Soviet troops made further progress in Leningrad sector.

Mediterranean.—Violent air raid on Malta. Four enemy bombers shot down, another probably destroyed and four damaged.

Far East. — Chinese troops defending Toungoo against heavy Japanese attacks. Chinese troops advancing towards Jap bases at Tangaw and Heighong, in Siam. In Philippines, Corregidor raided seven times in twenty-four hours. Allied bombers raided Jap shipping at Kupang, Timor.

Home.—Night bombs on N.E. Coast.

FRIDAY, MAR. 27 *937th day*

Air.—R.A.F. bombers with fighter escort attacked objectives at Ostend. Night attack on aerodromes in Low Countries.

Russian Front.—Russians made combined land, sea and air attack behind German lines at Murmansk, where Nazis were preparing an offensive.

Far East.—Twentieth raid on Port Moresby. In Burma, Jap forces continued their pressure against Chinese and British units around Toungoo.

Home.—Daylight "hit-and-run" raids on S.W. Coast. Night bombs on N.E. Coast and E. Anglia.

General.—General Sir Thomas Blamey appointed Commander-in-Chief of the allied land forces in Australia. President of the Philippines' arrival in Australia officially announced. Another attempt made on the life of Marcel Déat, leader of pro-Nazi National Popular Party in France.

SATURDAY, MAR. 28 *938th day*

Air.—Fierce air battle over Channel. At least 13 German aircraft destroyed for the loss of 5 British planes. Heavy night raid on Lubeck. R.A.F. dropped leaflets on Paris.

Far East.—Japanese making great effort to capture Toungoo.

General.—Attack by British Navy, Army and Air units on the German naval base at St. Nazaire. Main dock gate blown up by ramming it with an ex-American destroyer (H.M.S. Campbeltown) filled with tons of high explosive. Special Service troops carried out prearranged demolitions in the dockyards. Bulgaria declared war on Russia. H.M. the King broadcast to the nation.

SUNDAY, MAR. 29 *939th day*

Air.—Coastal Command made night attack on enemy shipping off Norwegian coast. Fighters made offensive sweep over N. France.

Russian Front.—Big German counter-attack in Kalinin sector smashed after five-day battle. Heavy Soviet attacks in Donetz area.

Far East.—Toungoo, in Burma, partly evacuated by Chinese forces. Japanese force striking west of the Irrawaddy threatened Prome.

Home.—Single raider dropped bombs at night in E. Anglia.

General.—British proposals for India announced in New Delhi.

MONDAY, MAR. 30 *940th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of H.M.S. Naiad, 5,450 ton cruiser.

Russian Front.—Russians recaptured an extensive district in the Smolensk area. Heavy Soviet attacks north-east of Taganrog.

Far East.—Jap forces driven back on Irrawaddy front by British tanks. Chinese still holding part of Toungoo. In the Philippines a new Japanese attack repulsed with heavy losses. Darwin raided by Japanese aircraft.

General.—Sir Stafford Cripps broadcast to India's peoples from New Delhi. Anti-war riots reported at Sofia.

TUESDAY, MAR. 31 *941st day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced safe arrival at Murmansk of important convoy for Russia despite four German attempts to annihilate it. Three U-boats were severely damaged, if not sunk. The enemy lost one, possibly two, destroyers.

Russian Front.—34 inhabited places on the Kalinin front recaptured by Soviet troops in two days' fighting. On Donetz front, Kharkov reported encircled by Russian troops. Moscow communiqué announced sinking of a U-boat and an enemy transport in Barents Sea.

Far East.—Heavy fighting at Shwedaung, 10 miles south of Prome, in Burma. Battle for Toungoo, on the Mandalay road, still raging. In Australia, Japanese planes raided Darwin. R.A.A.F. bombers blasted airfield at Koepang, Dutch Timor.

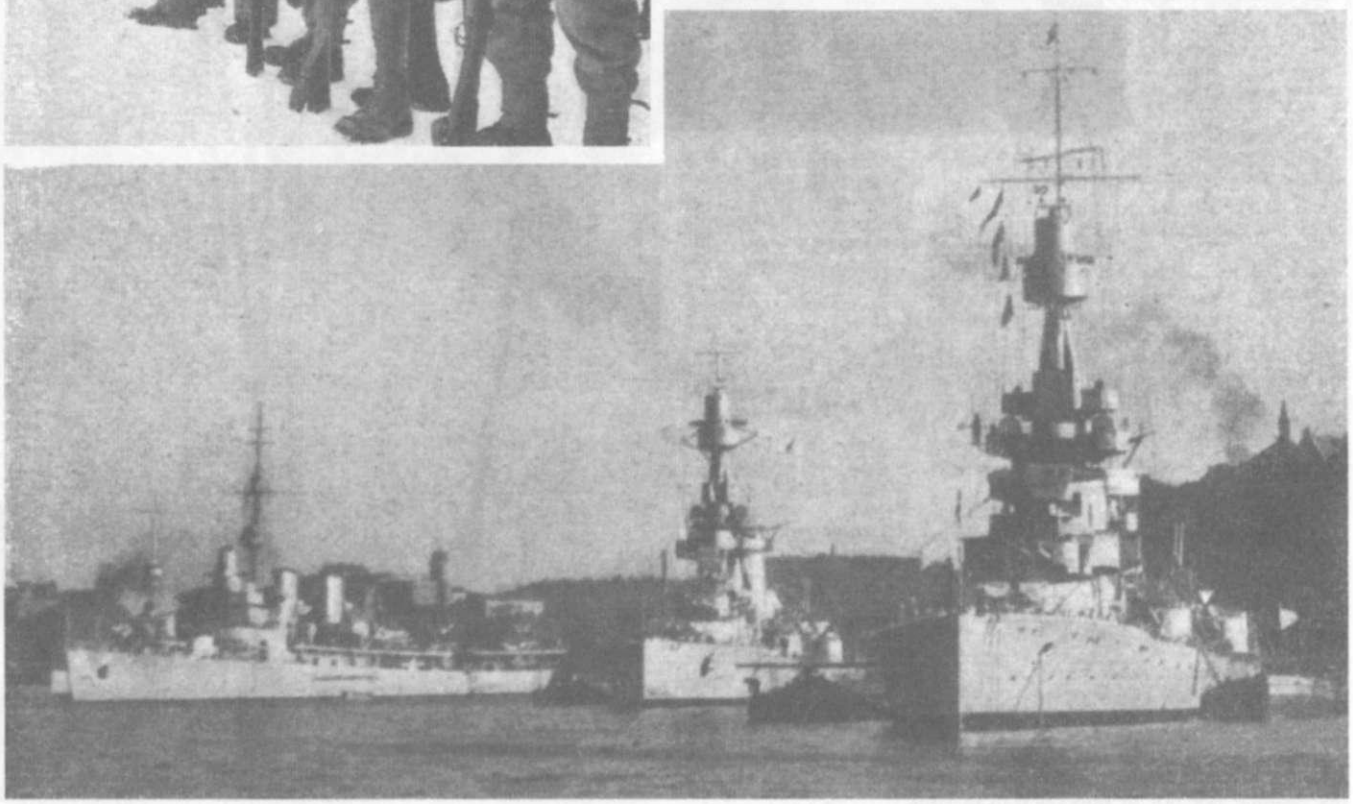
General.—Australian Army reorganized in two commands.

H.M. Submarine TALISMAN comes home. Her successes in the Mediterranean are denoted by her own "Jolly Roger." The bars represent enemy supply ships sunk, the transfixed U the sinking of an enemy submarine, the crossed guns and star denotes a gun action with an Italian destroyer and the dagger another successful exploit. *Photo, British Official*

Is Sweden Next on Hitler's Programme?

New Swedish aircraft. Most of Sweden's aeroplanes are of foreign type built under licence, though the aircraft department of the Götaverken builds training planes of its own design.

SWEDISH TROOPS on Gottland, big island in the Baltic. These soldiers are at musketry practice before the old town wall of Visby, seaport of Gottland. Left, men of Sweden's "Home Guard," who would augment her standing army in case of invasion.



SWEDISH WARSHIPS lying off Stockholm. With the approach of spring rumours were circulating that Sweden might prove to be the next victim of a Nazi attack. Sweden has a small but useful fleet—it is stated to include two cruisers, three coast defence ships which may be classed as battleships, and a number of smaller vessels—which Germany would no doubt like to gain control of, but Sweden has had time to put her defences in order, and it is unlikely that a German attack would go unchallenged.

Photos, L.N.A., Black Star, Keystone

Those Magnificent Men of the 'Red Duster'

Raising in the House of Commons on March 19 the question of the Mercantile Marine, Mr. A. P. Herbert urged that a message of good will, hope, admiration, and gratitude should be sent to the gallant officers and men who are facing such great dangers. Several spoke in support, but an appeal for a Royal Commission to inquire into seamen's conditions was rejected.

PERHAPS the greatest story of the war is that which tells of the part that is being played by the Merchant Navy. But for this mysterious flotilla of all sizes and conditions, pitching, tossing, fighting—and alas, sometimes sinking—in the Seven Seas; but for a devoted band of sailors who have made up their minds to "deliver the goods" or die, Britain herself would have been sunk.

When the average longshoreman talks glibly about the Battle of the Atlantic, which has been variously won, lost and won again, has he the faintest conception what it means? The veil is occasionally lifted. So many tons of shipping have been destroyed in so many months. Another chapter in the chronicle of sublime courage appears in the newspapers. Something almost incredibly brave and grand, like the epic fight of the Jervis Bay, echoes across the vicious Atlantic. We read of men on rafts under a pitiless sun in a sea infested with sharks, men singing and joking as if they were enjoying a Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath. In Arctic latitudes sailors in open boats laugh and try to cheer each other as the food and water fail and the cold paralyses their limbs. And all this because Britons are so brave and kind and patriotic that they are willing, happily willing, to face every conceivable horror so that their country shall live.

Even in peacetime it is a hard life to be a merchant sailor. Ten to one the elements are against you. Food is none too good, ships are old, and working conditions are sometimes as foul as the weather. But in time of war it is one long gamble with ubiquitous death.

Then there are books which tell of the endless struggle against odds, Nature's and the enemy's. One such is Warren Armstrong's The Red Duster at War (Gollancz). Mr. Armstrong tells us that "*effective* tonnage for carrying foodstuffs and raw materials and troops at the outbreak of this war was barely 14,000,000 gross tons, as compared with 17,500,000 tons in 1914." To confront and shoulder responsibilities immensely greater than in 1914 we possessed 2,000 fewer vessels in 1937–8—28 per cent of the world's tonnage instead of 44 per cent!

We had lost after nineteen months of war 5,500,000 tons of shipping, more than three times as much as was sunk in a similar period of the last war.

These figures speak volumes both as to the suicidal policy which allowed our merchant shipping to rot in peacetime, and of the heroism and resource of the Merchant Navy since the Germans resumed their traditional plan of murder on the high seas by sinking the Athenia on the very first day of the war. A merchant seaman quoted by Mr. Armstrong puts the position regarding the decline and fall of tonnage into forcible language:

"When there was stink of war in the air wherever you went, and when every damned country was building battleships, aeroplanes, guns and tanks, and raising new and bigger armies, navies and air forces—and when Britain had forgotten to think in terms of merchant ships! Show me the battleship that can fight, the bomber that can fly, or the tank that can go into action—the armies, navies or air forces that can be moved, clothed, munitioned, fed and maintained—*or the munition factories that can work without the existence of an adequate Merchant fleet!* and you'd be showing me something worth looking at! *Wasn't* that the real position in 1938, less than a year before we were at war again? And what was happening? Economic experts seriously planned a more or less wholesale lay-up of U.K. merchant shipping!"

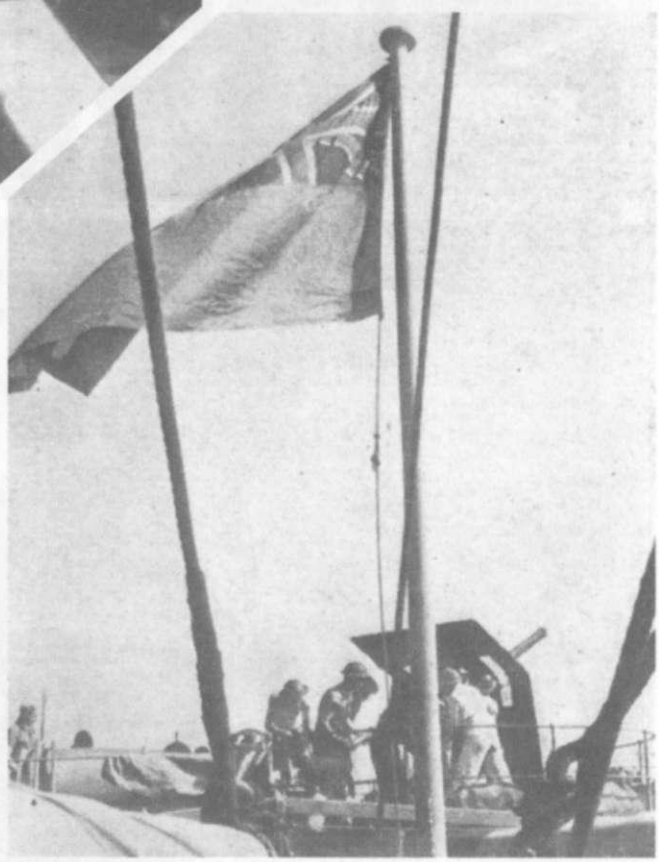
While the public was being regaled with picturesque stories of the launching of the new luxury liners, the Mauretania and the Queen Elizabeth, the shipbuilding industry as a whole was coming to a standstill and thousands of skilled men had drifted and were drifting away into other industries. What was wanted was a large number of small vessels between 1,500 and 5,000 gross tons, "which includes the general utility tramp - steamers *on which we must rely for supplies both of food and raw materials*," and it was precisely in this category that the 2,000 reduction between 1914 and 1939 was made.

Only a few men seemed to realize that when the new war began Britain would be dangerously handicapped unless she greatly increased the number of merchant ships. In a Parliamentary debate at the end of 1938 Lt.-Cdr. Fletcher (now Lord Winster) uttered a reminder of our lack in this respect. How were we to bring in three-quarters of our food, the raw materials, essential for munitions, to transport our troops, and to feed 4,000,000 more mouths in this country than during the last war? In 1914 we imported 646,000,000 gallons of petroleum. In 1935 those imports had gone up to 2,808,000,000 gallons.

While Britain was laying up ships our foreign competitors were building and subsidizing. Our shipping trade was sinking to zero. The Japanese took 61 per cent of the Calcutta-Japan business, which was *wholly* British in 1911. Between 75 and 92 per cent of our coal exports was carried in foreign ships. It is almost beyond belief that at the end of 1938 Britain, within a year of a fight for her very life, was last on the list in regard to shipping construction. The United States was top with 420,931 tons, Germany came second with 381,304. Then came Japan, the Netherlands, Italy, Denmark and Sweden, with poor little Britain "knocking up" the grand total of 71,156 tons.

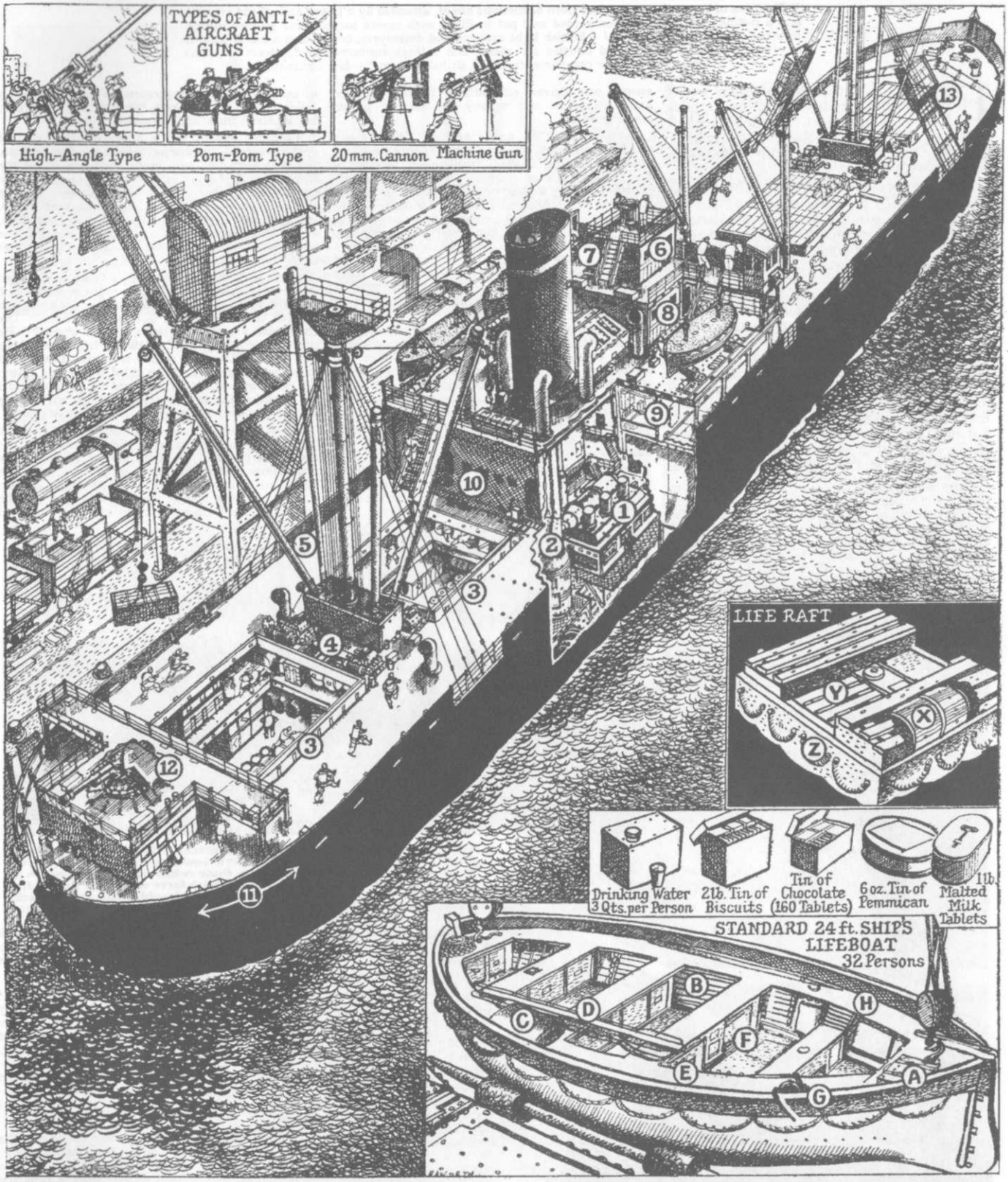
Since then things have, of course, changed for the better. But it obviously needed a great war to redeem our birthright—the command of the sea; and that we have done this is a great tribute to all concerned in the tradition of the Red Duster. As soon as their country was in danger the merchant sailors came flocking back to the flag.

As Mr. Armstrong poignantly says: "The spirit of the Merchant Navy has never failed. Because it has not failed, let there not be built a companion memorial to that which was erected on Tower Hill after the world war of 1914, to commemorate the bravery of our Merchant seamen. *Rather let Britain give her Merchant Navy a better, a far more practical memorial. Let us, at long last, give our Merchant Seamen a square deal!*"



THEY 'DELIVER THE GOODS,' these men of the Merchant Service, whether it is food for Britain's larder or supplies for our fighting men. Above, gun drill under the Red Ensign. Top, all hands to the boats during practice drill on a merchant ship. *Photos, British Official*

On Such Ships As This Britain's Cause Depends



OUR DEPENDENCE UPON SHIPPING, not only to bring supplies and food across the Atlantic, but also to carry war material and soldiers to the many battle fronts, is well known. To offset the losses incurred at sea, ships are being launched at an ever-increasing rate, which has been made possible by standardization and simplification of design and construction of the tramp steamers which form our vast carrying fleet.

Britain has always excelled in the building of tramp steamers, and this drawing shows a typical product of our shipyards unloading cargo at a busy port.

Interesting features of this type of ship are : (1) Comparatively small and compact main engines of approx. 2,000 b.h.p. Fuel oil and fresh water are in tanks below engine-room. (2) Exhaust-heated steam boiler which supplies power to all auxiliary machinery. (3) Two of the four large cargo holds which have a capacity of over 500,000 cubic feet. (4) Steam winches. (5) Cargo-hauling derricks, each capable of hauling 2 tons. All holds, hatches and derricks are standard pattern, thus making for rapid assembly. (6) Wheel-house (protected against M.G. fire). (7) Wireless room. (8) Captain's cabin. (9) Engineers' and officers' cabin. (10) Galley. (11) Crew space in the 'tween decks. (12) Anti-U-boat gun. Various types of anti-aircraft guns used for defending merchant ships are shown in the inset drawing. (13) Two life rafts are slung ready for speedy launching in an emergency. A similar raft is seen in the small inset—this type can support at least 20 persons : X, one of two buoyancy drums ; Y, wooden framework ; Z, lifelines.

The standard 24 ft. lifeboat is provisioned as follows: 14 tins of biscuits, 14 tins of chocolate, 75 tins of pemmican, 28 tins of malted milk tablets, with 3 quarts of water per person. This works out at 14 oz. of food per person.

Regulation Equipment : A, portable wireless transmitter ; B, stays for canvas boat cover ; C, cover ; D, oars and mats ; E and F, provision lockers and water tanks (other similar ones elsewhere on the boat) ; G, manual pump ; H, kapok-filled buoyancy chambers. Much other relevant equipment is carried, including boat-repairing equipment, blankets and massage oil. At least one lifeboat is motor-driven.

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Haworth*

David Fights Goliath in the Mediterranean

"That one of the most powerful modern battleships afloat, attended by 2 heavy and 4 light cruisers and a flotilla, should have been routed and put to flight with severe torpedo and gunfire injury, in broad daylight, by a force of 5 British light cruisers and destroyers, constitutes a naval episode of the highest distinction, and entitles all ranks and ratings concerned and, above all, their commander, to the compliments of the British nation."—Mr. Churchill

FOR the days and nights of many weeks Malta had been bombed. Now supplies were running short. The arsenals had to be replenished, the storehouses refilled, the tanks refuelled. So from Alexandria convoys were dispatched.

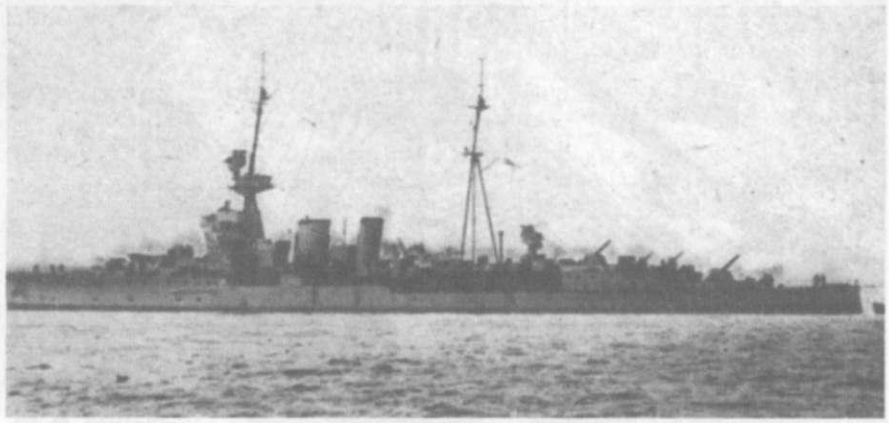
One convoy left "Alex" on March 20, accompanied by a squadron of the Mediterranean Fleet commanded by Rear-Adm. P. L. Vian. Throughout that day and most of the next it ploughed on its way through heavy seas and foul weather. But at dusk on March 21 five German transport planes, escorted by an Me.110, on the way to Crete from Libya, spotted the mass of ships. Swiftly the enemy sped on to their destination, but as they went they sent back a message of what they had seen. In the convoy they knew then what to expect; the next day, they realized, would bring against them the Nazi dive-bombers and, perchance, the Italian fleet. Their anticipations were fully justified, but until Sunday afternoon the convoy kept on its course until it had arrived 150 miles S.E. of Malta. Here the naval battle was joined.

Early on Sunday afternoon (said an Admiralty communiqué issued on March 25) an enemy force consisting of four cruisers was sighted to the northward. The enemy was at once attacked by our light cruisers and destroyers under the command of Rear-Adm. P. L. Vian, D.S.O. The enemy was driven off without having inflicted any damage to our convoy, its escorts, or its covering force.

Soon after 4.30 p.m. Admiral Vian again sighted the enemy. This time the enemy consisted of one battleship of the Littorio class, two heavy 8-inch-gun cruisers, and four other cruisers, accompanied by destroyers. Despite the great disparity of force, Admiral Vian at once led his light cruisers and destroyers to the attack, in order to drive them away from the convoy. During the brilliant action which followed our destroyers delivered a torpedo attack on the enemy, closing the powerful enemy squadron to a range of three miles before firing their torpedoes. In pressing home this attack the destroyers received valuable support from our light cruisers.

This determined attack against a greatly superior force not only inflicted serious damage on the enemy but threw him into confusion and forced him to retire without having made contact with our convoy. The Littorio class battleship was seen to be hit amidships by a torpedo. She was also hit by gunfire from our cruisers and set on fire aft. Severe damage was also inflicted upon one enemy cruiser, and a second enemy cruiser was hit.

By the skilful use of smoke screens our force avoided serious damage. Some damage was, however, suffered by one of our cruisers and three of our destroyers. Casualties were not heavy.



Above, the British Anti-Aircraft ship Curacoa (4,290 tons). Ex-cruisers, converted into anti-aircraft ships, were amongst the British squadron which drove off a superior Italian force when it tried to smash a Malta-bound convoy on March 22. The British force was under Rear-Adm. Philip Vian, seen below on the bridge of his old ship, the Cossack. He was made K.B.E. for this action. *Photos, British Official*

Among the eye-witnesses of what he aptly described as a "David-and-Goliath battle" was Reuter's Special Correspondent; he watched it from the bridge of Rear-Adm. Vian's flagship.

Our first encounter (he wrote) came at 9.30 in the morning, when four Italian Savoia torpedo-bombers, flying close to the water, launched a fruitless attack against our destroyer screen. Small groups of torpedo planes made five or six more attacks, during the morning, but all their "fish" were easily avoided. The one excuse they can offer is the fearsome barrage put up by our ships. The first German plane to appear was a Junkers 88, which dropped four red flares ahead of us at 1 p.m., soon after we had finished our action station lunch of sandwiches and tangerines. This was quickly followed by more Junkers 88s and Italian aircraft, but all the bombs and torpedoes missed.

Suddenly, shortly before 2.30 p.m., the look-out spotted several suspicious vessels on the horizon. Admiral Vian left part of his force to guard the convoy, and sheered off with the remainder to engage the enemy. Battle ensigns were run up at the mastheads and all ships increased speed. Ploughing through heavy seas in battle formation, with their flags streaming in sunshine and the high wind, our ships were an inspiring sight as they raced into action.

A few minutes later the enemy ships, now fifteen miles away, were identified as three cruisers, and the British force immediately laid a smoke screen to hide the convoy and our own positions. The enemy also began to lay a smoke screen. He opened fire at 2.35 p.m. at twelve miles away, the first salvo falling over a mile from us. The second salvo was nearer, and the third 600 yards away. By now we had increased speed to 30 knots, and the sound of the wind tearing through our rigging almost drowned the thump of the enemy guns.

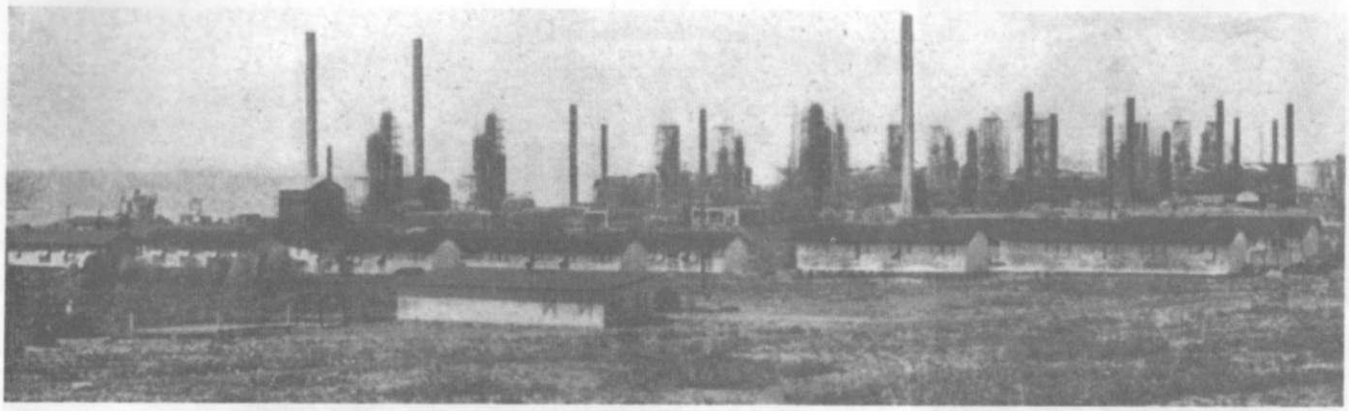
Having closed range sufficiently, we opened fire at the enemy cruisers. For several minutes the world became just a turmoil of stifling black and yellow smoke. Ear-splitting gunfire, whistling shells, and shouted orders, and through all this I could hear the hiss of our shells as they left the guns. Several more aircraft attacked us, and through a break in the smoke I saw a Junkers 88 waltzing away to avoid our fire. Now numerous bombers attacking the convoy were faintly visible in the distance . . .

At 4.22 p.m. I heard the most reassuring sound of the day, a voice ordering the cooks to the galley to make tea. But the lull was short, for at 4.40 we sighted the enemy again. This time they included a battleship. Immediately afterwards we were hit. A swirl of smoke and bits of burning cloth enveloped me . . . Above the din I heard the Gunnery Officer urging on his men with exhortations like "Beat it up," "Let's show 'em what we can do."

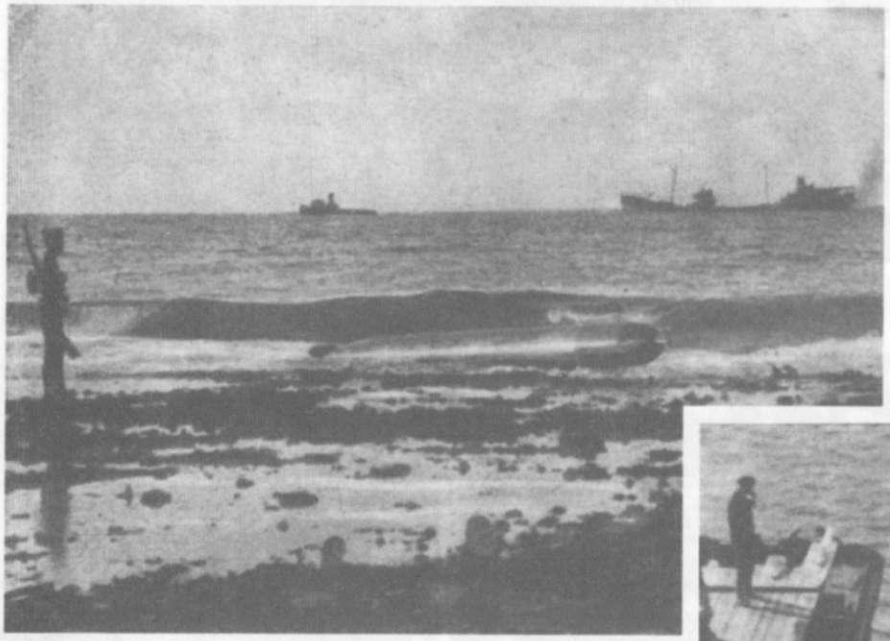
Reward came when one of our shells hit the battleship, apparently holing her quarter-deck, through which flames shot up close to the after turret, preventing it from firing. All the time the Admiral and the Captain, their faces blackened by smoke, were directing operations with uncanny calm. Towards the end of the action the destroyers went in and launched torpedoes. We also made a torpedo attack within range. At 6.45 p.m. came news that the enemy was turning away, but fire was exchanged until nightfall, when we had a final visit from the torpedo bombers.

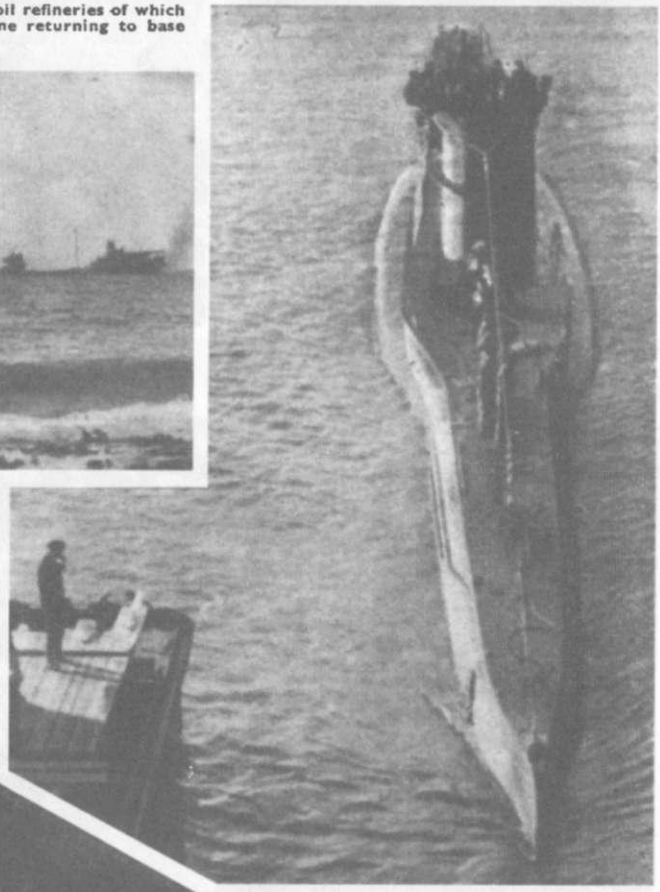
"Then in the darkness we rejoined the convoy," concluded the correspondent, "which was safe and sound in spite of the air attacks to which it had been subjected while we were grappling with the fleet."

U-boats Take War to the Dutch West Indies

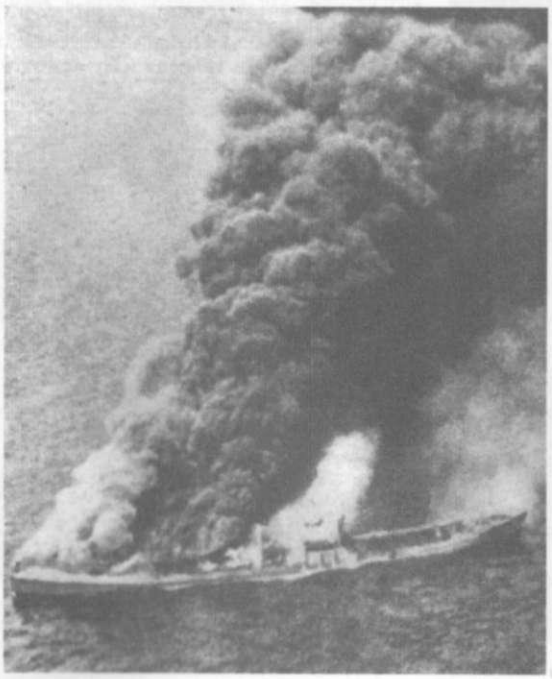


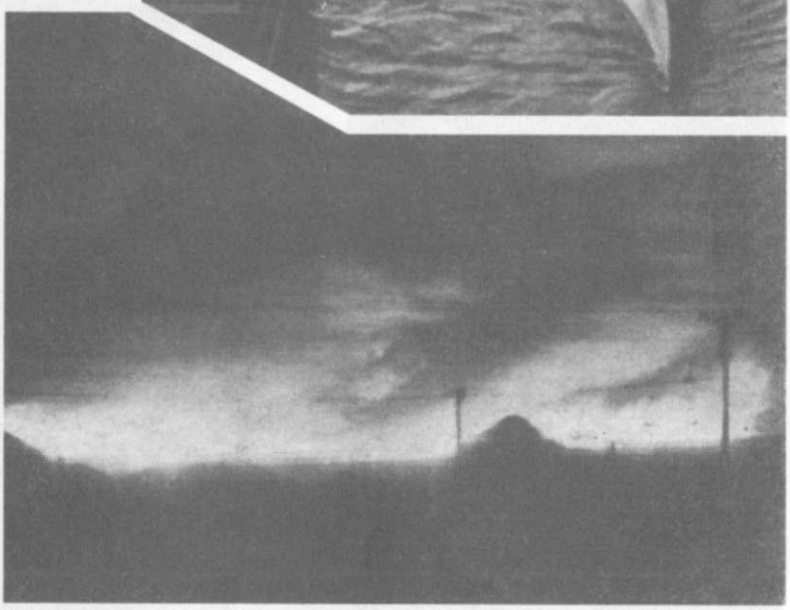
ARUBA, island of the Dutch West Indies off the coast of Venezuela, the oil refineries of which have been shelled by German U-boats. Below right, a German submarine returning to base after cruising in American waters.





A Dutch marine stands guard near an unexploded torpedo on the beach at Aruba. In the background a British tanker, struck by another torpedo during a U-boat raid on shipping in the area, is being taken in tow.





BLAZING OIL lights up the night sky over Aruba as a tanker burns after being hit by a German torpedo during a submarine raid on the island on Feb. 15. Left, the tanker photographed from a bombing plane which was sent out on a search for the U-boat.

Photos, Sport & General, Associated Press, Keystone

Fortunate Few Who Escaped From Hongkong

A Petty Officer of the Royal Navy who escaped from Hongkong with Admiral Chan Chak's party. He wears a Chinese identification note.

ON Christmas Day 1941, 83 Britons and Chinese from Hongkong made a bold bid for safety and ran the gauntlet of the Japanese in five motor torpedo-boats, one of which was sunk, with the loss of 16 on board.

The original party comprised 26 British officers, 35 other ranks, one civilian (Mr. MacDougall), and 21 Chinese. Their escape was largely due to the courage and resourcefulness of the one-legged Chinese Admiral Chan Chak, liaison officer between Chinese and British authorities. The 67 survivors landed on the coast of Kwangtung.

Members of the party which escaped from Hongkong photographed with Chinese officers and the lorry which bore them to Shaokwan.

Left, Admiral Chan Chak with Commander Hugh Montague, R.N., who escaped with him. Above, Mr. MacDougall, of the Ministry of Information, who received a bullet in his left shoulder.

Photos, Pictorial Press, Associated Press

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Saw Terrible Things Happen in Hongkong

Among the few people who escaped from Hongkong following its capture by the Japanese was Miss Phyllis Harrop, an assistant in the Secretariat of Chinese Affairs, and well known for her work against the dope and vice gangs in the Colony. Here is what she said in interviews given in Chungking.

MISS P. HARROP, first foreign woman to escape from Hongkong since the Japanese occupation, tells in this page of the terrible things she says happened there.

THREE things aided my escape from the Colony at the end of January (Miss Harrop told a Special Correspondent of The Daily Mail in Chungking, capital of Free China, on March 13): (1) Previous experience—I had escaped from the Japanese in various parts of China three times before; (2) I have many Chinese friends; (3) I have an extensive knowledge of the Cantonese dialects. My Chinese friends were only too willing to help. With their help I was able to penetrate the Japanese Army and Navy cordon surrounding Hongkong and to escape to the mainland.

For six weeks I wandered alone through large areas of South China, daily evading Jap sentries, and always in fear of my life. In the end—though I cannot tell you how—I contacted guerillas and marched through South Kwangtung, sharing the life of these Chinese soldiers who brought me through to safety at Kweillin. From there I flew to Chungking today.

When I got away the Colony was still in a state of chaos. Japanese gendarmerie were supposed to be in control, but looting was rampant. In the streets no woman was safe from Japanese soldiers, no matter what her colour or race.

Condition of the Internees

All foreign civilians have been interned under appalling conditions—men, women, and children alike. British, American, and Dutch, including children, are interned on the Stanley Peninsula of the island itself. Prisoners of war have been imprisoned in Samshiupo and a camp in Argyle Street, Kowloon. So far as I know the civilian prisoners are made up as follows: British, 3,000; American, 600; Dutch, 70.

Their rations consist of two bowls of rice daily. No foreign food is available, because the Japs collected all foreign food stocks in the island and shipped them to Japan. Dysentery is rife among these civilians. Many have died for lack of medical attention. The Japs let them die. Those who are left bury their dead where they can in corners of the camps. Medical supplies are non-existent. All were seized by the Japanese almost as soon as they arrived and were wantonly destroyed. The Japanese simply said, contemptuously: "We have our own remedies: we don't want foreign medicines."

Industry on the island has come to a complete standstill. Unemployment among the Chinese population is on a wholesale scale. There is a tremendous shortage of food and the sufferings of the crowded Chinese population are beyond description. This is a situation created by the Japanese themselves. They are trying to ease things now by evacuating as many Chinese and neutral foreigners—mostly Portuguese—as they can. For the rest, they continue their policy of stripping the island bare. Iron railings and metal of every description have been collected for shipment to Japan. Even the ornamental bronze lions at the entrance to the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank have been taken away.

The atrocities are not exaggerated. Some I saw with my own eyes—in my own house. My Chinese houseboy was bayoneted in the stomach and killed for no apparent reason. Thirteen other Chinese were murdered in the same house. My amah [woman servant] was raped by three or four Japanese and was in a serious condition when I last heard of her. Foreign women who were raped included an Englishwoman of my acquaintance who was first slashed in the face with a soldier's belt. Her husband afterwards found her body with bayonet wounds in the stomach. The Japanese shot none of their victims; they bayoneted them all to death.

More details of these atrocious happenings were given by Miss Harrop to the Chungking correspondent of The Daily Telegraph.

Most of the raping of British and other European women concerned volunteer and professional nurses. None was killed. In one district, apart from many Chinese cases, seven European women were killed with bayonets after being raped.

A British merchant whose wife was my friend told me himself: "I was a wounded A.F.S. volunteer. I was taken to hospital, where my wife was a volunteer nurse. I heard her voice next door on Christmas Day at 3 p.m., the hour when the colony surrendered. Shooting, Japanese came into the hospital. I heard shouts. After a while I managed to get out to search for my wife. I found her dead—outraged, her face slashed, and bayonet wounds in her stomach. Others were also raped and killed. I hid under a bed, pressing against the wall beside my wife's body, trying to escape the Japanese, who stormed all over the place. Coming into the room, the Japanese, without looking under the beds, systematically bayoneted through all the mattresses, again stabbing my wife's body and almost killing me. I myself buried my wife near-by."

There were many other similar cases among the foreign community, especially among the Chinese. In my own block of flats, where I was the only foreigner among 40 Chinese, practically all the women were raped and all the men bayoneted.

(How did I escape assault myself? I don't know. I suppose it was my lucky star.)

While the atrocities against foreigners ceased with their internment, those against the Chinese went on. I myself saw on the waterfront at the end of January a long queue of Chinese standing waiting, when the Japanese, without reason, beat up at least a dozen men and women with bamboo poles and threw them into the harbour to drown. I walked along the harbour past the bodies of Chinese who had been killed. A Chinese woman of about 22 was stopped at the corner of Wyndham Street and stripped by Japanese soldiers. They cursed her and made her stand naked in the middle of the road. She was still standing there when I passed by an hour later.

The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Gimson, who arrived in Hongkong only the day before the outbreak of war, protested in a letter to the Japanese against the atrocities after the surrender. The next day he was arrested and gaoled in the central prison, where he was kept two days without any charge or even questioning. He was then released and is now interned in the Stanley Camp, where he is the acting head of the British community. The Governor, Sir Mark Young, is completely isolated, apparently in the Peninsular Hotel in Kowloon, where he went on Christmas Day to surrender. The Medical Director, Dr. Selwyn Clark, his wife and others received special orders from the Colonial Secretary and are acting as liaison officers with the Japanese, doing urgent work in the colony.

The Japanese took off the golden Royal Crown badges from the caps and sleeves of all Hongkong's constables, who continued policing the streets before their internment. Invariably the Japanese trampled on the badges. I met a constable I knew walking about the centre of the city wearing his badges. I asked him, "How did you keep the crowns?" He pulled out of his pocket a handful of the badges, saying, "As fast as they are pulled off I put on fresh ones."

This is characteristic of Hongkong's spirit.

We Bombarded Rhodes from Sea and Air

In the sea and air attack on the Island of Rhodes in the early hours of March 16 there was a split-second cooperation between the Navy and the R.A.F., as described in the following eye-witness account.

WE sailed early, and it was not until late in the afternoon, when the captain made an announcement over the ship's loudspeakers, that we knew why we had put to sea. To reach our objectives we had to sail well into the narrow enemy waters of Rhodes—between Rhodes and Turkey. The captain explained that our aircraft would drop flares and would spot for the naval bombardment.

All the first day and most of the night we bowled along at high speed, but as we came abreast of Rhodes we slowed down to reduce the bow wave and wake, lest these gave us away. We had also to negotiate minefields.

Standing on the bridge I could see the Turkish mainland looming through the dark starry night on our right across the flat, calm water. Suddenly an eerie glow to my left told me that our aircraft were dropping flares before bombing the Rhodes airfields. Tracer shells and bullets rocketed skywards from the ground defences, while searchlight beams fumbled uncertainly among the clouds.

This began soon after midnight and continued for a considerable time until we turned to approach Rhodes town. Punctually we established communication with our aircraft, and the atmosphere became tense as we crept towards the shore. Around me on the bridge figures—ghostlike in white anti-flash helmets and long white gauntlets—made final adjustments to the instruments or spoke quiet orders down the voicepipes. The dim purple and green glowing dials of the instruments were the only pinpoints of light anywhere.

Then the flares dropped by our aircraft

ISLAND OF RHODES, in the Aegean Sea. The devastating blow which British bombers and units of the Royal Navy dealt this Italian island before dawn on March 16 is described in an eye-witness account below. *Photo, Topical*

began floating down on Rhodes town. Red, white and green tracer bullets shot up to meet them, but failed to hit the flares or planes. In the midst of a burst a string of bullets would twist and waver, indicating uncertainty on the part of the gunners. Nearer and nearer we crept and I wondered how long it would be before we were sighted and fired at.

When we were only four miles from the town one of the ships began firing starshells which floated down over the target. In the glare I could easily make it out. I could also see the streets and houses in Rhodes and felt uneasily certain that we must be obvious to the shore batteries. But if we were the defenders were so surprised that we were able to hurl the greater part of our quota of shells into the target area before they replied. Still the anti-aircraft gunners were sending up tracers in desperate, unsuccessful attempts to put out the flares which floated to the ground, where they continued burning brightly for a considerable time, lighting the surrounding area with a fierce glare. I could also see anti-aircraft shells bursting among the clouds.

Minutes passed, then between the shattering crashes of our broadsides, we heard the air torn by shells from the shore batteries intended for us, but splashes in the water where they fell showed that they had not got our range.

Twenty minutes after the action began the fleet was steaming away, having delivered several hundred shells, weighing 40,000 pounds, at the targets. With ack-ack guns still firing, and through the pall of smoke which we laid to cover our retreat, it was difficult to see the full effects of our bombardment, but fires were burning, and it is believed that considerable damage was done.—*Reuter*

The Russians Sang to Us, 'Okay, Great Britanny'

The friendly hospitality shown by the Red Navy to the crews of H.M. warships escorting the convoys to the Russian Arctic ports is described here by Reuter's correspondent with the Home Fleet.

I RECENTLY sailed in a British escort vessel and spent some time along the North Russian coast. Parties and entertainments were given on both sides and the main difficulty, that of language, was overcome by a genuine desire on each side to get on with the other. A knowledge of French proved a great help, but by the end of an evening we had increased our Russian vocabularies while the Russians had augmented their English considerably. High light of our visit was the concert given on board our ship by Russian sailors from a neighbouring naval base. It was an extraordinarily good show, lasting for two hours, and consisting mostly of folk songs and peasant and gipsy dances.

The choir comprised some 30 to 40 sailors, and they sang so well that the concert had to be given in two " houses " to enable as many of our ship's company as possible to attend. Both houses were packed. The applause after every song and dance was tremendous, but when a Russian naval officer came on to the stage and sang a song of which he had written both the words and music called " Okay, Great Britanny," the sailors cheered to the echo. The words of the song were, unfortunately, all Russian until at the end of the chorus came the phrase " Okay, Great Britanny, and Russki Soviet land, hurrah ! "

After the concert the Russian officers came to the Wardroom while the sailors were entertained forward by our sailors. In the Wardroom a buffet supper had been arranged and the party was soon in full swing, with a lot more singing, this time from Allied choirs. When the Russians had to leave the captain thanked them for the concert, and spoke for everyone when he told them that he hoped they had enjoyed

SOVIET SAILORS aboard a Russian submarine, typical of the men who lavished their hospitality on the crews of British warships convoying supplies to Russia. The "extraordinarily good show" provided by such a party of sailors is described in this page. *Photo, Planet News*

their visit as much as we had enjoyed having them on board.

On shore the Russians could not do enough for us, and when one of our officers tentatively asked whether it was possible to go ski-ing in the neighbourhood an unlimited supply of skis was put at our disposal. Ski-ing parties were immediately organized and some much-needed exercise was thoroughly enjoyed.

The ice on the deck of this British warship gives some idea of the hardships experienced by the men who convoy supplies to Russia.
Photo, Associated Press

How We Dug the Japs Out of Their Foxholes

The following graphic account of what he described as a "battle of the foxholes," was given to Reuter's special correspondent with the American and Filipino forces by a young staff-sergeant, after a mopping-up action on the west coast of the Bataan Peninsula sometime in February.

FOR ten days we had not seen a Japanese, then the order came to close a gap between two companies of the 45th infantry. I went forward with the platoon and we took up positions. We soon found that we had got into a "battle of foxholes." It was our job to dig them out.

The Japanese have their own method of constructing the hide-outs we call "foxholes." First they make a small round hole in the earth just large enough to take one man. Then, from the hole, they hollow out a kind of dug-out chamber big enough to shelter four or five men. These foxholes were well camouflaged with leaves and tree branches and we had great difficulty in detecting them. We were working with tanks, and as they advanced they sounded their sirens. This was the signal for us to advance and deploy in a covering action.

Once we found we had advanced beyond one Japanese foxhole without seeing it, and then we came across another in front of us. We took to earth pretty quickly then, as we found ourselves between two fires, but we got to work with rifles and grenades and cleaned out the hole behind us and then crept up to the one in front.

I saw a Japanese soldier cautiously poking his head out of his hiding-place. I fired my rifle, which jammed, then I snatched a pistol from one of my men and let the Jap have a clipful.

At times we were only twenty to thirty feet away from the Japanese, both Americans and the invaders being concealed in holes in the ground. When using grenades at such short range there is nothing to worry about as long as you are well down in your hole when your grenade goes off.

We were not particularly impressed with the efficiency of the ·26 calibre Japanese rifle—those captured were obviously inferior to the American Garand—but the Japanese ·38 calibre quick-firing machine-gun, mounted on a low tripod, was a well-made weapon. The Jap hand grenades were smaller than ours, and in some cases were thrown from sticks fitted on to the casing. The Japanese also used a small portable landmine which detonated as soon as the button on top was stepped on.

During these operations my company captured 11 out of 12 parachute supply containers dropped by Japanese planes. In addition to ammunition, they contained compressed meat, oatmeal and sacks of rice, and they came in very useful.

JAPANESE SOLDIERS in action with a light machine-gun. This may be one of the ·38 calibre quick-firing machine-guns mentioned in this article by a staff-sergeant of Gen. MacArthur's forces as being used by the Japanese in their attack on the Philippines. The Japanese rifle, which one of these men is carrying, did not impress him as being as good as the American Garand.
Photo, Black Star

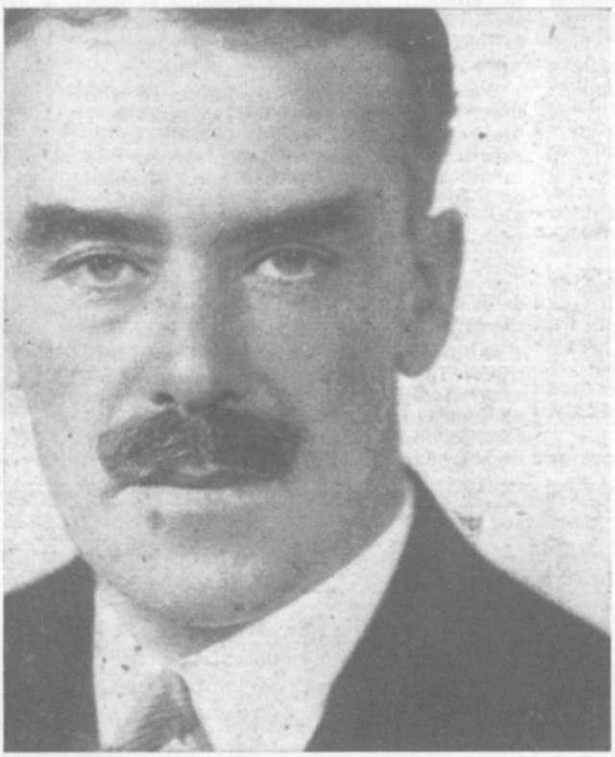
Editor's Postscript

ALTHOUGH personally I'm far more concerned about winning the war—*and* the peace to follow—than worrying about our plans for a brave new world, at times I'm tempted to speculate on the kind of world that may follow the second German effort to destroy our civilization. I am not among those who take a sour and hopeless view of the future, who prophesy lean years and leaner purses. Paradoxically enough the forces of destruction-construction work hand in hand, and though we shall have squandered a great deal of money, so-called, in preserving our liberties, the potential of real wealth in labour and natural resources is so unlimited that properly planned recovery could be effected within one generation. It would appear to be a matter of switching over intelligently from the destructive to the constructive impulse. In the modern scientific world, poverty, where it is not the result of individual folly or crime, should have no place.

ONE of the lessons of the last great slump was that there need be no dearth of commodities. The problem was one of bridging the gulf between producer and consumer. Any system that permits the sabotage of tons of coffee, fish, vegetables, fruit, wheat, and many other necessities in order to keep up prices which a large number of people cannot afford to pay is surely a kind of economic barbarism which ought to disappear with the political barbarisms against which we are fighting. Economists have been well aware for a long time that the trouble is one of over-production and under-consumption. The goods are there, or can be there, but the money token by which they can be transferred from the producer to the consumer is all too limited.

THAT is not to advocate the light-hearted grand share-out that world-reformers used to insist upon (do these simple-minded agitators still survive in Hyde Park ?). Such an idea is both unpractical and against nature, and no bureacracy could ever make it work. The new system, whatever it be, must still give free play to individual enterprise, brains and ambition, but it must also recognize the fact that there is enough for all if the machinery of distribution can be properly adjusted. The need is for purchasing power in the form of wages based on a high rather than a low standard of living. The war will have increased the productive capacity of vast territories like Canada, Australia, India, Russia and China, as well as our own and the United States, and the industrial potential everywhere will be immense beyond the imagination of any Victorian economist. It is a complex subject, but the salient fact is that the world is a rich one now and not a poor one, and need not alternate between artificial booms and slumps. It should not be beyond the wit of man to keep it on an even keel of reasonable prosperity. But that is listening to the voice of optimism, which can justify itself only with intensified concentration upon the great business of winning the war.

"ESTO es muy Churchill" is a phrase, I'm told, now used in Barcelona, meaning it's a real good thing ! Away back in the eighteen-eighties we schoolboys had a similar catchword, "It's all sirgarnet," signifying an nth degree of all rightness, derived no doubt from our satisfaction at Sir Garnet Wolseley's Tel-el-kebir victory in the Arabi Pasha rebellion, but I guess the phrase was going out of use by 1885, when, as Lord Wolseley, he arrived within sight of Khartoum with his flotilla too late to save Gordon and his garrison. I hope "this is the real Churchill" will have a longer vogue in Barcelona no matter what happens in Madrid.



MR. R. G. CASEY, formerly Australian Minister in Washington, who has been appointed Minister of State and representative of the War Cabinet in the Middle East. *Photo, Lafayette*

IT is worth mentioning, I think, that I am frequently being surprised by the efficiency of our Overseas Communications. This very week, for instance, I have had letters from readers in Gibraltar and Malta, which have taken only two or three weeks to arrive at my desk. Both are from correspondents who have been subscribing to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED since its first number, and during the 32 months that have elapsed each of them is missing only one of our numbers to complete his volume up to date. From a reader in Toronto, whose letter is just to hand, I am very pleased to quote the following:

"You began the issue of this publication Sept. 16, 1939. An examination of our file this morning disclosed a very remarkable fact. Through all these intervening months from Sept. 16, 1939 to Dec. 30, 1941, THE WAR ILLUSTRATED has made the journey over the ocean to this office in absolute safety with one exception, copy No. 79 issued under date of March 7, 1941, is missing."

I think that my readers will agree with this correspondent's added comment:

"If that is not a tribute to the Navy and the convoy system, I do not know where you would find a better illustration. Britannia rules the waves ! Britain delivers the goods!"

ALTHOUGH there is mighty little that I can find to admire in the national life of Eire, apart from its poets and playwrights (I am now revelling in Sean O'Casey's latest book, Pictures in the Hallway) I doubt if Dublin Opinion, the self-styled "National Humorous Journal of Ireland," has many more appreciative readers than I. (We have nothing quite so characteristic over here). I have just been enjoying its twentieth anniversary number. But what interested me most in it was a prophecy: the one incontrovertible, accurate, unassailable, cast-iron prophecy of the war ! As one to whom the drama of life is streaked with comedy, I am glad to find this astounding prophecy in a comic journal. Be it known then that, in its issue of January 1929, Dublin Opinion published a cartoon, now before me, in which a typical Irishman is being blown to blazes by A.A. guns, Zeppelin and strange air bombers, while the caption reads (in English which these comedians of Eire still use in preference to their native lingo): "Progress. Victim of New, Bloody, and Dramatic Invention in World War 1939." Can you beat that for prophecy ? Remember it was disclosed to an indifferent world of Irishmen ten years before the event ! Many a true word spoken in jest. Meanwhile, all the best to Dublin Opinion.

IF you are a hard-working, hard-hit civilian and should light your fire in your humble grate one morning with a bit of the morning paper, which has brought you neither increase of hope nor comfort of mind, you're no patriot. But if you're a care-free soldier lad you can do what you like with your wastepaper. For there would seem to be no effective brake on waste so far as the military are concerned. Near where I'm writing is a house in which nine sergeants are billeted. One of them frankly told the owner, a lady who has removed to a small cottage, that they didn't know what to do with their wastepaper. They were cluttered up with it and could only think of burning it ! Horrified at the thought, the good lady herself arranged to get this precious "waste" transported to the village salvage centre. It is quite in keeping with our haphazard organization that the Army should have had no clear instruction in this vital salvage drive. In my opinion the greatest factor of waste in respect to paper, food, petrol and rubber is the Army. I have seen country lanes littered with empty pasteboard packets that have brought a plethora of cigarettes from Canada while we are starving for Canadian pulp and paper.

"ALL I know about the wireless," I overheard my wife tell a friend last night, "is the switch you press for turning it off." In the present state of that great institution the B.B.C. a more intimate acquaintance with the uses of the wireless set is hardly called for. My nightly ambition is to hear the nine o'clock news without the tail end of the stuff preceding it . . . and that goes for Big Ben, too.

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